



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS *in* THRILLS!



Nº17 MAY

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

BE
FIRST

Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

WE ARE
RELIABLE

OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candel Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.



PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

WE ARE
RELIABLE

BOYS - GIRLS!
LADIES - MEN!

MAIL COUPON NOW

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot. Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. 57th year. Mail coupon or write today. Be first. Act now. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. R-27, TYRONE, PA.



GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS
GIRLS

LADIES
MEN

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

Act
Now

OUR 57th YEAR

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH



Boys - Girls! Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, Movie Machines, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Boys - Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Mail coupon or write today. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. T-27, TYRONE, PA.



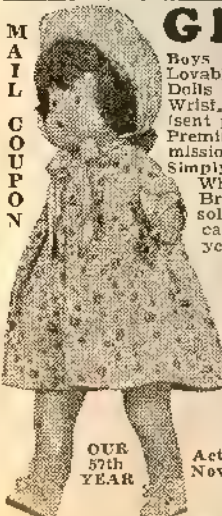
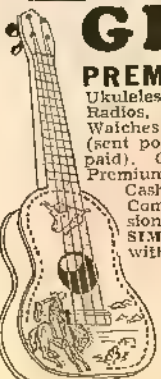
We are reliable. 57th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. V-27, Tyrone, Pa.



Our 57th Year
Complete Cub Fishing Outfits, Basketball Sets, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relative at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. W-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

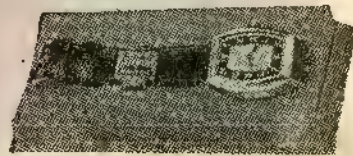
Ukuleles, Radios, Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Act now. Write or mail coupon today. Our 57th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. X-27, Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL COUPON NOW

GIVEN-PREMIUMS-CASH

Boys - Girls - Ladies Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height. Wrist, Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. Z-27, TYRONE, PA.



MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
St. RD..... Box.....
Zone
Town No..... State.....
Print LAST
Name Here
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

WALLOWED STAUNCHLY INTO A

FLARE-UP FLORIDA!



MANAGUA SEATTLE
MOSCOW! DENVER
TAHITI AZORES!
FIJI SEOUL!

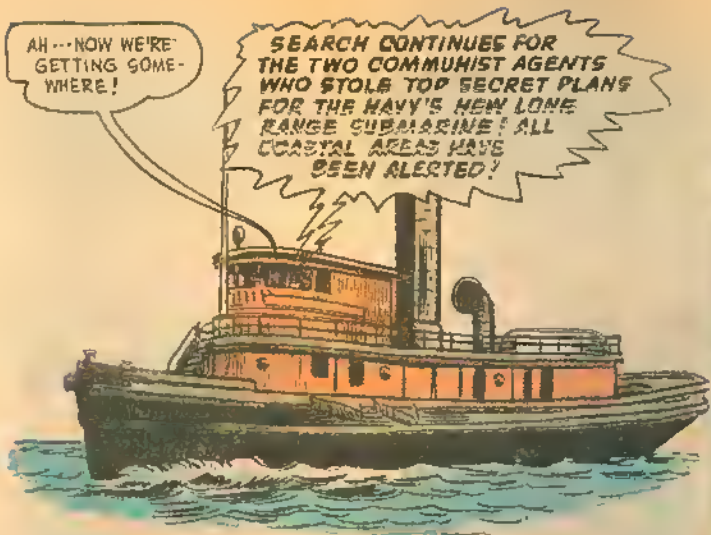
FOR THE LOVE
OF PETE, POP
--- WHAT'S
TNATZ

DURNED IF I
KNOW, ANDY! I'M
TRYING TO PICK
UP SOME NEWS
FLASHES!

YOU WON'T LEARN MUCH
FROM THAT SHORT WAVE
GEOGRAPHY LESSON! TRY
▶ MIAMI---ON THE REGULAR
▶ BROADCAST BAND! ▶



Printed in U.S.A.



AH---NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

SEARCH CONTINUES FOR THE TWO COMMUNIST AGENTS WHO STOLE TOP SECRET PLANS FOR THE NAVY'S NEW LONG RANGE SUBMARINE! ALL COASTAL AREAS HAVE BEEN ALERTED!



ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER, HUH? IF IT ISN'T A FISHING SCHOONER READY TO SWAMP WITH TEN TONS OF MACKEREL, IT'S SPIES --AND IF IT ISN'T SPIES, IT'S...

WAIT A MINUTE, POP ---THAT CABIN CRUISER'S RACING US TO THE WHARF!



AHOY! PULL THAT TUB OVER ---I WANT TO TIE UP!

SOREY, HONEY---BUT THE SEMINOLE'S BEEN BERTHING HERE FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS!



THEN I'D SAY IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE ELSE GOT A CHANCE!

GET CLEAR! POP --- REVERSE PROPELLER!



MY GOSH... WHY'D THAT HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME?

NO HARM DONE, ANDY! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH EITHER HER OR THE CRUISER THAT A DAB OF PAINT CAN'T FIX!



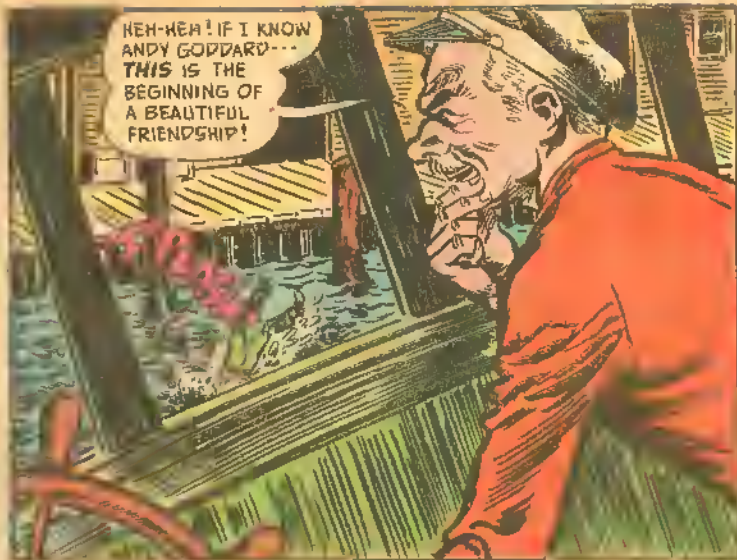
YOU BIG OAF---YOU **COULD** HELP ME OUT OF THE WATER!

NOT A CHANCE! I FIGURE ANYONE WHO HANDLES A BOAT LIKE **YOU** NEEDS ALL THE PRACTICE THEY CAN GET... **SWIMMING!**

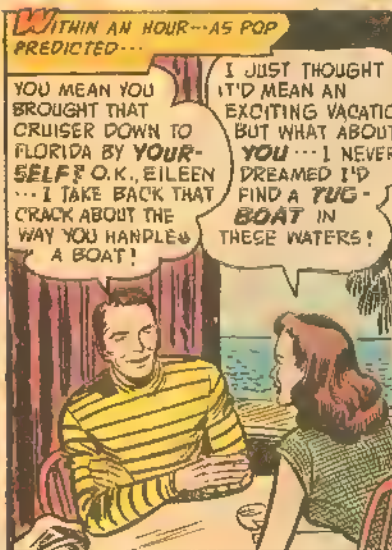


I JUST LOVE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!

HEY!



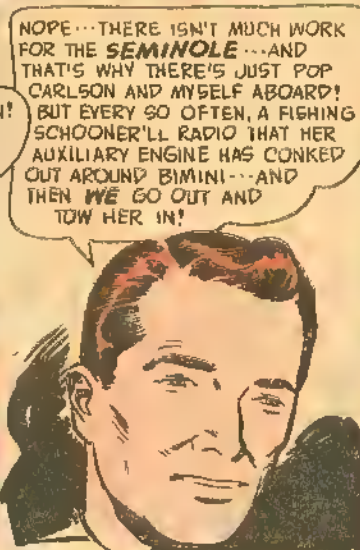
HEH-HEH! IF I KNOW ANDY GODDARD... THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!



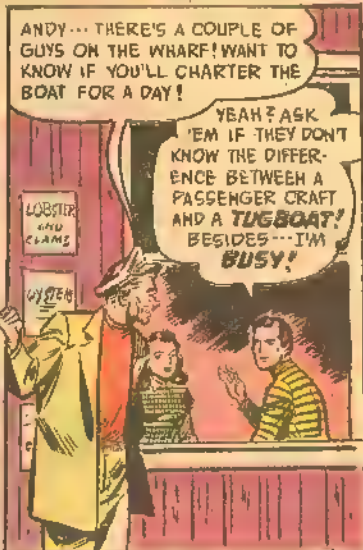
WITHIN AN HOUR...AS POP PREDICTED...

YOU MEAN YOU BROUGHT THAT CRUISER DOWN TO FLORIDA BY YOURSELF? O.K., EILEEN... I TAKE BACK THAT CRACK ABOUT THE WAY YOU HANDLE A BOAT!

I JUST THOUGHT IT'D MEAN AN EXCITING VACATION! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU... I NEVER DREAMED I'D FIND A TUG-BOAT IN THESE WATERS!



NOPE...THERE ISN'T MUCH WORK FOR THE **SEMINOLE**...AND THAT'S WHY THERE'S JUST POP CARLSON AND MYSELF ABOARD! BUT EVERY SO OFTEN, A FISHING SCHOONER'LL RADIO THAT HER AUXILIARY ENGINE HAS CONKED OUT AROUND BIMINI...AND THEN WE GO OUT AND TOW HER IN!



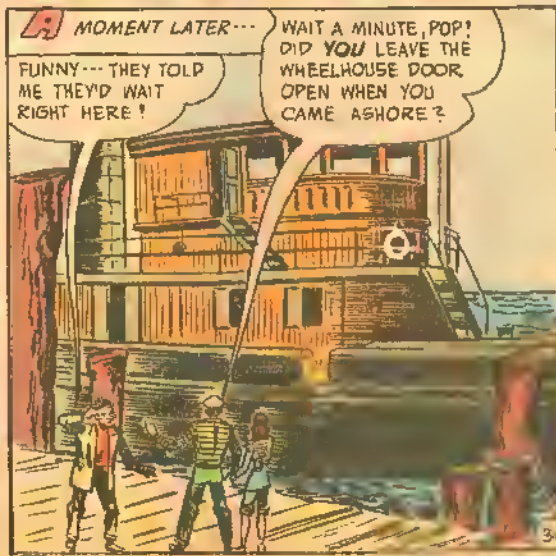
ANDY... THERE'S A COUPLE OF GUYS ON THE WHARF! WANT TO KNOW IF YOU'LL CHARTER THE BOAT FOR A DAY!

YEAH? ASK 'EM IF THEY DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PASSENGER CRAFT AND A TUGBOAT! BESIDES...I'M BUSY!



ANY DOPE CAN SEE THAT, ANDY... BUT THEY'RE OFFERING A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WHAT? SOUNDS LIKE A GAG TO ME, EILEEN... BUT LET'S FIND OUT!



A MOMENT LATER...

FUNNY... THEY TOLD ME THEY'D WAIT RIGHT HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE, POP! DID YOU LEAVE THE WHEELHOUSE DOOR OPEN WHEN YOU CAME ASHORE?



AH... THE CAPTAIN!
YOU ARE WILLING TO
CHARTER THE
SHIP?

NO DICE! NOW --
HOW ABOUT
SCREAMING
OUT OF THIS
WHEELHOUSE?



CERTAINLY
...IF YOU
WILL GIVE
ME JUST
ONE SECOND
TO...

NO IF'S
ABOUT IT,
BUD... GET
MOVING!



BUT MAYBE
YOU'LL CHANGE
YOUR MIND,
EH?

SOK!

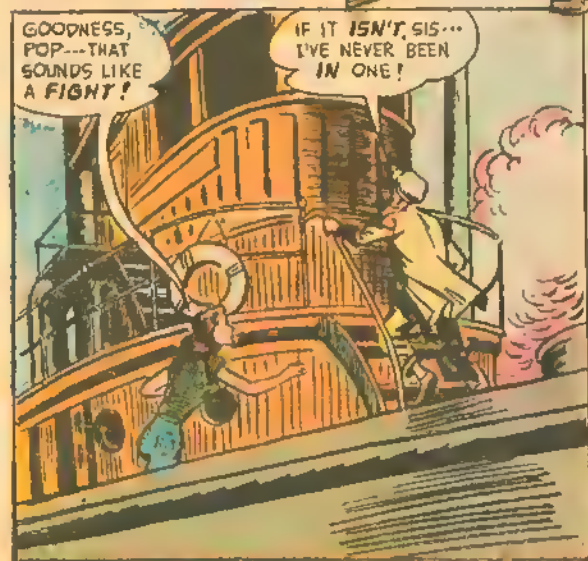


POW!

I FORGOT TO
MENTION,
CRUMB...
THERE'S NO
BUTS
ABOUT IT,
EITHER!



BANG!



GOODNESS,
POP... THAT
SOUNDS LIKE
A FIGHT!

IF IT ISN'T, SIS...
I'VE NEVER BEEN
IN ONE!



BLAZES
...I'M
HIT!

BOOM!

CRASH!

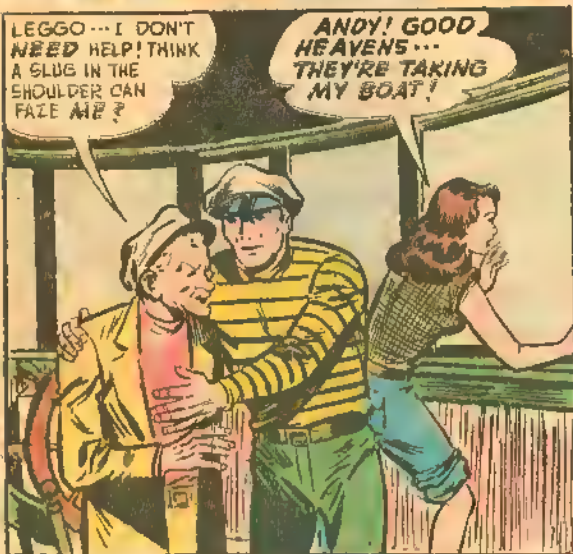


EILSEN
...GIVE
POD A
HAND!



THE NEXT TIME I LOOK AT
YOU SQUARES...IT'LL BE
THROUGH THE SIGHTS OF
A .30-.30 RIFLE!

POW!



LEGGO...I DON'T
NEED HELP! THINK
A SLUG IN THE
SHOULDER CAN
FAZE ME?

ANDY! GOOD
HEAVENS...
THEY'RE TAKING
MY BOAT!



YEP...AND THEY'RE MAKING A
GOOD THIRTY KNOTS! BEST WE
CAN DO IS RADIO THE COAST
GUARD---AND THEN TRY TO
KEEP 'EM IN SIGHT!

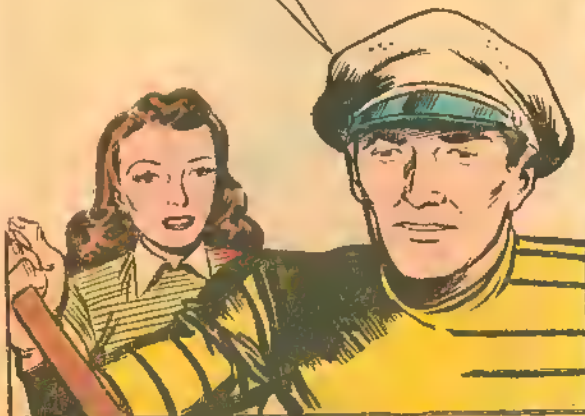
BUT WHY
WOULD THEY
WANT TO GET AWAY,
ANDY? WHO ARE
THEY?

SMUGGLERS, PROBABLY...OR MAYBE GAMBLERS
RUNNING OUT ON A BIG PAYOFF! AFTER ALL...
WHO ELSE COULD AFFORD A THOUSAND BUCKS
FOR A RIDE ON A TUGBOAT?

A HALF-HOUR LATER...

I THOUGHT I SAW A SPECK ON
THE HORIZON, ANDY...BUT IT'S
NO USE! THEY'RE OUT
OF SIGHT!

THE SEMINOLE
NEVER WAS A
SPEEDBALL, HONEY!
GUESS WE MIGHT
AS WELL FIDDLE
AROUND...AND SEE
IF THE COAST GUARD
ANSWERS OUR CRY!



EVERYTHING
O.K., POP?

SURE---I'M STARTING
TO HEAL **ALREADY!**
JUST TURN ON THE
RADIO, ANDY---AND
LET'S GET THE NEWS
BULLETINS!



**MANAGUA
SEATTLE
MOSCOW!
DENVER
TAHITI
AZORES!**

THERE'S
THAT
CONARNED
GEOGRAPHY
LESSON
AGAIN,
ANDY!



HOW COME? THE
LAST TIME **WE**
USED THE RECEIVER
---YOU SWITCHED
OVER TO **STANDARD
BROADCAST**---
REMEMBER?

CAESAR'S
GHOST! IS
THAT WHY
THOSE TWO
CHARACTERS
CAME ABOARD
---TO **MONKEY
AROUND
WITH THE
RADIO?**



RIGHT! FIGURE IT OUT, POP---IF IT
WAS JUST A **BOAT** THEY WANTED
---THEY COULD HAVE TAKEN EILEEN'S
CRUISER IN THE FIRST PLACE! BUT
THERE'S JUST ONE VESSEL IN THESE
WATERS WITH A POWERFUL RADIO
---**OURS!**

THEY MUST HAVE
BEEN **EXPECTING**
A MESSAGE, ANDY---
**BUT WHAT
ABOUT?**



Then...ON THE REGULAR BROADCAST BAND---

**DESPITE INTENSIFIED EFFORTS
---LITTLE HOPE IS HELD FOR THE
RECOVERY OF THE NAVAL PLANS
STOLEN YESTERDAY BY TWO
COMMUNIST SPIES!**

SPIES!



**HOLY HORSE
MACKEREL---
THE GEOGRAPHY
LESSON! TURN
IT ON AGAIN,
ANDY---IT'S
A CODE!**

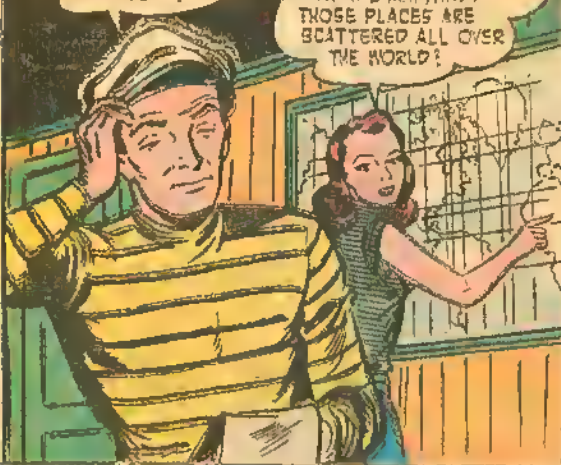
AND WERE WE
CHUMPS---NOT TO
HAVE REALIZED IT
SOONER!



**MANAGUA SEATTLE
MOSCOW! DENVER
TAHITI AZORES! FIJI
SEQUEL! BOMBAY
BERLIN CHICAGO
MEXICO! MELBOURNE
COLOMBO SAMOA!**



IT'S GOTTA MEAN SOMETHING. IT STILL SOUNDS LIKE A GEOGRAPHY LESSON TO ME! LOOK AT THE MAP, ANDY--- THOSE PLACES ARE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE WORLD?



THAT RULES OUT ANY GEOGRAPHICAL CONNECTION... BUT WAIT A MINUTE! THE WORLD IS DIVIDED INTO TIME ZONES... AND EACH ZONE IS DESIGNATED BY A LETTER!



LET'S START WITH MANAGUA... IN ZONE S! SEATTLE'S IN U... AND MOSCOW'S B! THERE'S YOUR FIRST WORD, ANDY... SUB!

SUB... TWO... MI... EAST... KEY!



THERE'S THE ANGLE, POP... THEY'RE MEETING A SUBMARINE TWO MILES FROM EAST KEY! HOW ABOUT IT... DO WE WAIT FOR THE COAST GUARD?

ARE YOU SUGGESTING WE'LL NEED HELP, SUB? NOTIFY 'EM... BUT LET'S GO!



SOON AFTERWARD...

THAT CABIN CRUISER WOULD NOT BE CIRCLING FOR AN HOUR, LIEUTENANT... UNLESS IT KNEW WHERE TO FIND US!

PRECISELY, CAPTAIN! AND WHO COULD KNOW... EXCEPT THE MEN WHO UNDERSTAND THE CODE... THE COMMUNIST AGENTS WE'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO PICK UP?



Then... RISING BLACK AND OMINOUS FROM THE DEPTHS...

THERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF COMMUNIST EFFICIENCY, COMRADE! NOT ONLY WILL A SUBMARINE PROVIDE A FOOLPROOF MEANS OF ESCAPE... BUT HER OFFICERS WILL HAVE AMPLE TIME TO STUDY THE PLANS OF THE AMERICAN SUBMARINE DURING THE VOYAGE!



EXCUSE THE DELAY IN SURFACING, COMRADES... BUT WE HAD TO MAKE SURE YOU WEREN'T A SEARCH CRAFT! IS THERE ANY DANGER THAT YOU WERE FOLLOWED?

NOT THE SLIGHTEST! WE PICKED UP YOUR 18 MEGACYCLE TRANSMISSION ABOARD A TUGBOAT, AND DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TUNE IT OUT... BUT EVEN IF THOSE FOOLS DO SWITCH ON THEIR RADIO... THEY'LL NEVER DECODE THE MESSAGE!



A MOMENT LATER...

THE SEMINOLE!
IT'S MUCH TOO SLOW
TO HAVE FOLLOWED
US...THEY MUST
HAVE CRACKED
THE CODE!

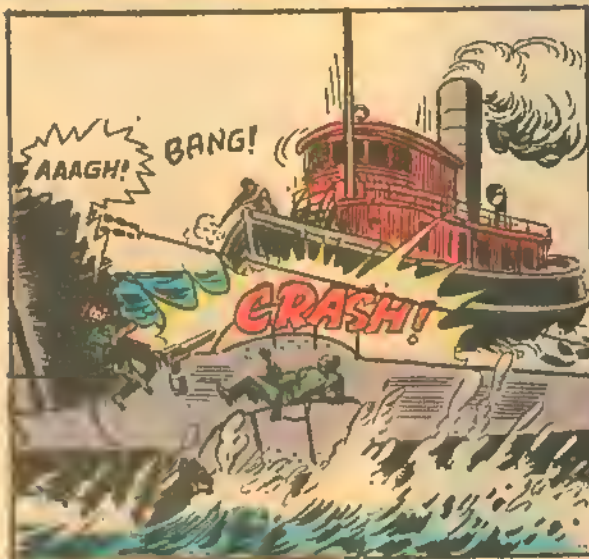
THEY'RE STUPIDER THAN I
THOUGHT! A FEW HUNDRED
ROUNDS OF HEAVY MACHINE
GUN BULLETS IN THAT
WOODEN HULL...AND
THEY'LL SINK LIKE
A PLUMMET!



AS THE SEMINOLE BEARS DOWN...

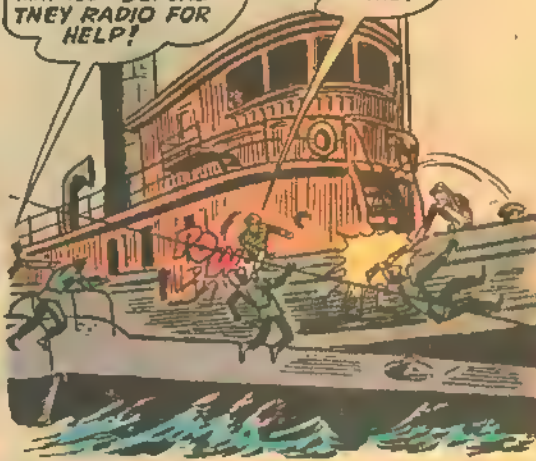
YE GODS, POP...YOU
WANT YOUR HEAD
BLOWN OFF? GET
DOWN...I'M
GOING TO
RAM 'EM!

GO RIGHT TO IT, BUB...
BUT I'VE GOT A
PERSONAL GRUDGE
AGAINST THE HIGH-
BINDER WHO WINGED
ME!



OUR BALLAST TANKS
ARE SMASHED...WE
CAN'T DIVE! BOARD
THAT TUG...BEFORE
THEY RADIO FOR
HELP!

I'M STILL CHOOSY
ABOUT WHO GETS ON
THE SEMINOLE,
RATS!

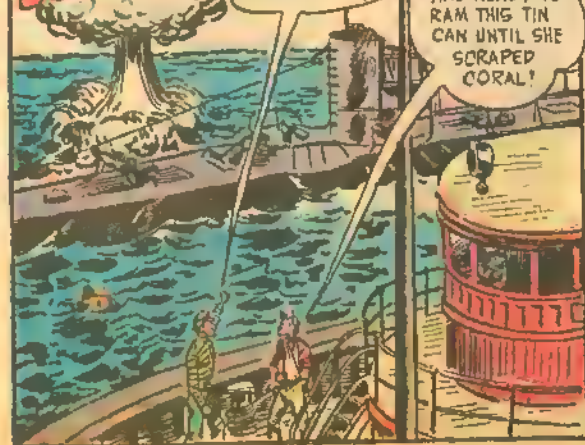


SUDDENLY...

BOOM!

IT'S THE COAST GUARD
CUTTER, POP...AND ARE
THEY SOLID SENDERS
WITH THOSE FOUR-
INCH GUNS!

MAYBE IT'S A
GOOD THING
THEY TURNED UP!
SO HELP ME...I
WAS READY TO
RAM THIS TIN
CAN UNTIL SHE
SCRAPED CORAL!



LATER...

LIKE I SAY...IF IT ISN'T A SCHOONER
IN DISTRESS, IT'S SPIES...AND IF IT
ISN'T SPIES, IT'S...AW, SHUCKS! I
KNEW IT'D BE THE BEGINNING
OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!



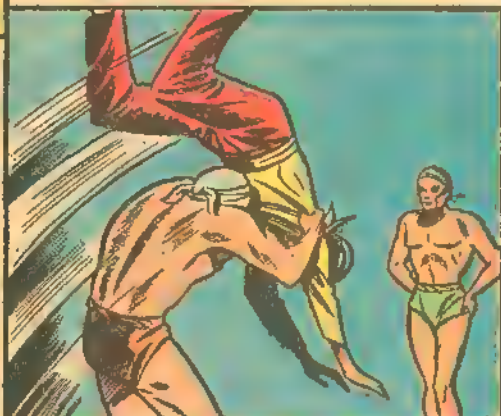
The END
8.

ARMY of DEAD SPIES

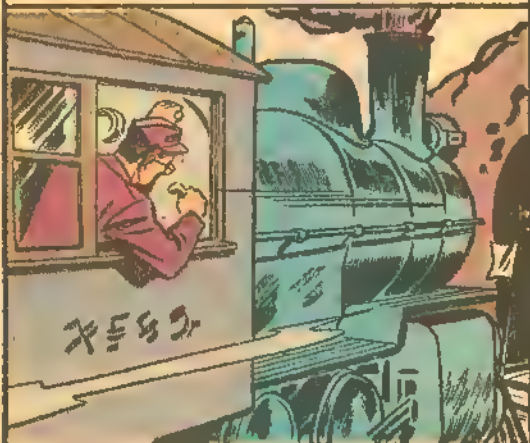
KEMPEI TAI WAS THE NAME OF JAPAN'S ARMY OF 25,000 SPIES DURING THE LAST WAR--AND EVERY ONE OF THESE SPIES BECAME OFFICIALLY DEAD THE MOMENT HE WAS RECRUITED INTO THE SPY NETWORK!

PRIVATE KOTO, YOUR FAMILY WILL BE TOLD THAT YOU HAVE DIED IN ACTION--AND YOU ARE NEVER TO SEE THEM AGAIN! YOUR NAME WILL BE CHANGED--AND AFTER FIVE YEARS OF RIGOROUS TRAINING, YOU WILL BECOME A **KEMPEI TAI AGENT**!

FOR 5 YEARS, EACH PROSPECTIVE SPY WAS SCHOOLED IN THE LANGUAGE, CUSTOMS, HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY OF THE FOREIGN COUNTRY HE WOULD BE SENT TO--AND AT LEAST THREE HOURS A DAY WERE SPENT IN THE PRACTICE OF THE FINE ART OF JIU-JITSU!



THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION WAS THOROUGH...AND EACH STUDENT WAS EVEN TAUGHT HOW TO OPERATE A LOCOMOTIVE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY!



WHEN THE FIVE YEARS WERE UP, THE SPY WAS SENT OUT ON HIS ESPIONAGE MISSION! AT ONE TIME, THERE WERE 600 AGENTS IN THE U.S., OPERATING THROUGH SUCH BUSINESS FRONTS AS THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, THE MITSUBISHI COMPANY AND THE NYK LINES...

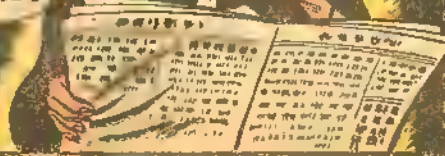


OTHER AGENTS TRAVELED WITH THE JAPANESE ARMIES--AND SO GREAT WAS THE POWER OF THE **KEMPEI TAI** THAT ANY OF ITS SECRET SERVICE MEN COULD EVEN ARREST A FULL GENERAL, IF THE EVIDENCE WARRANTED SUCH ACTION!



BUT WHEN JAPAN WAS FORCED TO SURRENDER TO THE ALLIES, THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF DEAD SPIES, JIRO LIMURA, WAS ORDERED TO DISBAND HIS ORGANIZATION--AND WAS FORCED TO READ A TEARFUL FINAL MESSAGE TO HIS THUGS...

YOU SHOULD OBEY THE IMPERIAL SURRENDER PRESCRIPT WITH ALL YOUR HEART! YOU SHOULD ENDURE AND CONQUER THE UN-BEARABLE PAINS AND HARD TRIALS AND SHOULD ACCOMPLISH YOUR DUTIES STEADILY AND FAITHFULLY! THE **KEMPEI TAI** IS DEAD!



NOT ENOUGH ROPE

IN THE DARKNESS, on the misty dock, the enemy agent chuckled softly. At his feet, the government man he had felled and bound groaned.

"You spying rat!" he gasped.

The other bent and inspected the cords. They would hold. He kicked the government man again.

"I will leave you here," the agent said tonelessly. "But I will be back. And my last act will be to put a bullet through your brain. I can't risk the noise now. But later..." He patted the rucksack that hung on his back. "You will be grateful to me, my friend, where you are going. For you will be spared the agony of seeing a ship of your government's destroyed, blown up, its cargo intended for your fighting armies utterly annihilated!"

The guard's eyes were open now. He fixed the enemy agent with a peculiar stare. Could it be mocking laughter? The saboteur kicked him in anger.

Then, a few steps and he was at the great stern mooring hawser that tied the ship to the dock. Before him the ship loomed, almost invisible in the misty murk. It was the work of only a few minutes to swing himself like a monkey up and along its length. Noiselessly he dropped over the railing, sprang toward a dark hatchway.

He burrowed down through the silent hull, judging his distance along empty corridors. He knew there could be no hitch now. The crew was mainly ashore. And an expert such as he knew precisely where to place the time bomb in his rucksack in the cargo area of a ship loaded to the marks with munitions and guns. An instant later he paused, placing the rucksack on the steel floor of the corridor, beneath which he knew

lay the cargo hold. A touch on a switch and he was racing back. Behind him the time-bomb clicked on, fifteen minutes short of explosion time.

At the hatchway he stumbled. He got up quickly, hearing the sudden pattering of countless tiny feet. Rats! Then he saw them, scurrying across the deck, pouring from ventilators, portholes, bulkhead doors. He found time to grin. Like himself, the rats were deserting the ship, guided by that mysterious instinct which seemed to tell them beforehand the advent of doom. The grin lasted only a second. Then he was at the hawser, biting and fighting with the rest to scurry down it to safety. Breathlessly he slid down past the squirming hordes.

"Ahhhh!" A giant gray rat had bit him. He twisted in agony, hanging from the hawser by his free hand. Beneath him the ship, in its endless sway and surge was nearing the dock. The rat, maddened, struck again. He dropped, plummeted into the water. As he went down he heard the roar of the explosion. Then the ship crushed him against the greasy piling of the dock.

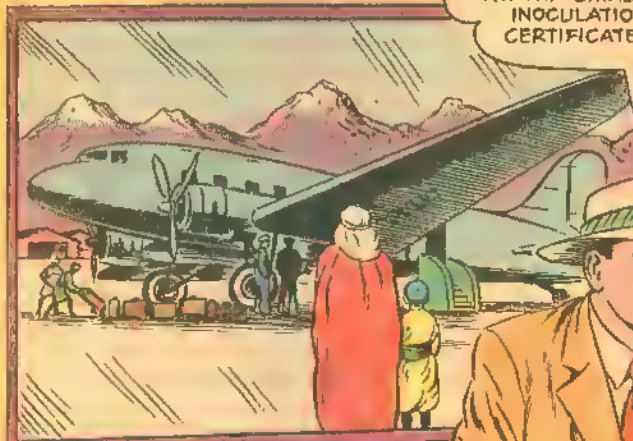
On the dock the government guard breathed easier. A few minutes more and his relief man would discover him. The explosion hadn't bothered him. He'd known it would stove in only a few bulkheads. After all, there was nothing for the bomb to explode besides itself. The enemy agent, blinded by the mist, didn't know that the ammunition ship had already sailed, that an empty hull, waiting to be loaded had taken its place.

The guard smiled. He'd also known all along that he could depend on rats, human or otherwise. They had a way of killing each other.

MAULING in MOROCCO

ANYTHING WRONG
WITH MY SMALLPOX
INOCULATION
CERTIFICATE?

NOT AT ALL, MR. GORDON! I WAS
MERELY THINKING THAT WITHOUT
IT -- YOU MIGHT NOT LEAVE
MOROCCO ALIVE!



**NORTH AFRICA IS THE VITAL PIVOT
OF EUROPEAN DEFENSE -- AND
THAT EXPLAINS WHY MOROCCO
IS MORE THAN EVER THE SPAWNING
GROUND OF INTRIGUE AND ESPIONAGE!
BARRY GORDON FINDS HIMSELF IN
THE THICK OF IT WHEN HE MEETS A
BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHOSE FATE IS
CLOSING IN LIKE AN EXECUTIONER'S
AXE -- AND A TRIBE OF DESERT
FIGHTERS WHO HAVE BEEN
EARMARKED FOR DEATH!**

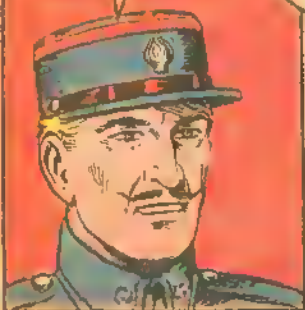


THREE DAYS AGO, TWO
MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS
SHOT THEIR WAY INTO THE
PRISON HOSPITAL -- AND
RELEASED A CRIMINAL
WHO WAS BEING TREATED
FOR **SMALLPOX!** HE
HAD NEARLY RECOVERED --
BUT HE CAN **STILL**
TRANSMIT THE DISEASE
TO ANYONE WHO
HASN'T BEEN
INOCULATED!

GUESS I'M
LUCKY I'LL BE
LEAVING FOR
THE INTERIOR
IN THE MORNING!
THE U.S. IS
BUILDING FIVE
BOMBER BASES
IN MOROCCO --
AND MY JOB
IS TO RECRUIT
SEVERAL HUNDRED
LABORERS AMONG
THE **MEKNESI
TRIBE!**

THAT WILL NOT BE
EASY, MR. GORDON!
THE MEKNESI ARE
A PROUD AND
SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE --
AND THEY RESENT
INTRUSION ON
THEIR TERRITORY!
YOU MUST BE
CAREFUL NOT
TO AROUSE
THEM!

WHATEVER'S BEHIND
THAT PRISON HOSPITAL
BREAK -- IT DOESN'T
LOOK GOOD! IN A
COUNTRY **THIS**
PRIMITIVE, AN
EPIDEMIC CAN
SPREAD LIKE
WILDFIRE!



THAT NIGHT--AT
A HOTEL BAR--

WOW! THAT'S DEFINITELY
MY CUP OF TEA-- AND
HEAVY ON THE SUGAR!

I STILL
THINK
MOROCCO
HAS A
GREAT
FUTURE,
DUMONT!

BAH! THIS COUNTRY IS CURSED
WITH PEOPLE LIKE THE MEKNESE--
TOO LAZY TO WORK-- TOO
STUPID TO LEARN!



FOREIGN DOG! DO YOU
THINK YOU CAN INSULT
MY PEOPLE?

TAKE IT
EASY,
HONEY!

LET ME GO! ZARINA WILL
SHOW THEM THERE IS ONE
THING THE MEKNESE LEARN
EASILY-- TO HATE!



A MOMENT LATER--

O.K., COOL
OFF-- THEY'VE
LEFT! IF ALL
THE MEKNESE
ARE LIKE YOU,
ZARINA-- I
CAN SEE
WHAT I'M
GOING TO
BE UP
AGAINST!

I SUPPOSE
I SHOCKED
YOU-- MAKING A
SCENE-- BUT
WE MEKNESE
HAVE NEVER
REMAINED IN
ONE SPOT LONG
ENOUGH TO
LEARN SOCIAL
GRACES-- LIKE
THE ART OF
IGNORING
INSULTS!

ARE
YOU
GOING
SOME-
WHERE?
CAN'T
WE
TALK
FOR A
WHILE?

SURE! I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK-- I JUST
REMEMBERED
THERE'S SOME
THING YOU CAN
DO FOR ME!

I'VE GOT A DETAILED MAP OF
WESTERN MOROCCO-- BUT CON-
SIDERING THAT THE MEKNESE ARE
NOMADS-- IT'LL TAKE A LOT OF
SEARCHING IF ZARINA CAN
SHOW ME WHERE THEY'RE
CAMPING NOW!





HOLY SMOKE--THEY'RE THE CHARACTERS ZARINA TANGLED WITH!

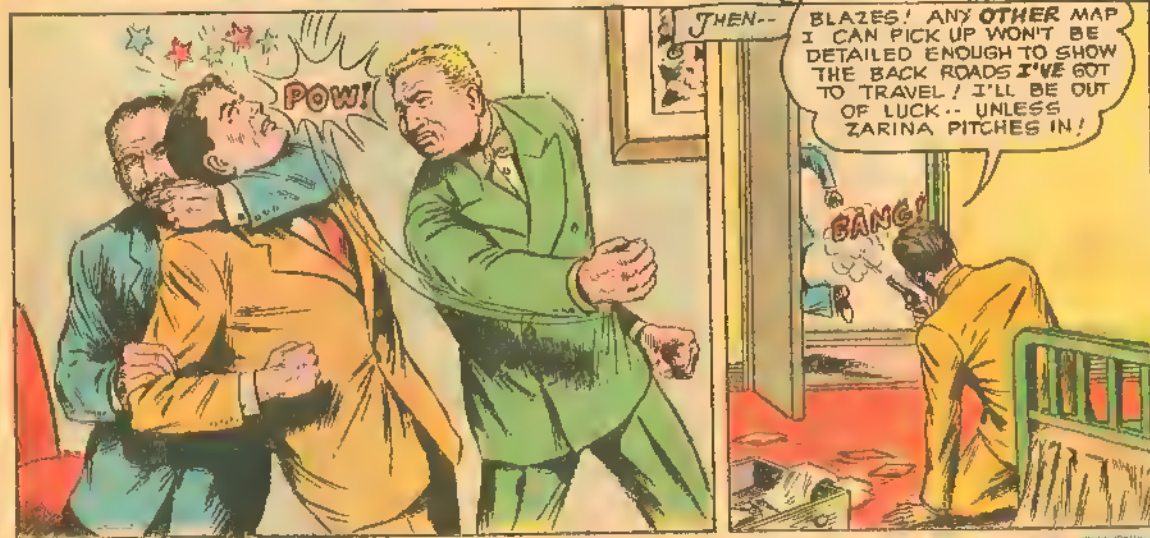
I'M WARNING YOU, GORDON--KEEP BACK!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, BUD--

--I WANT MY MAP!

BANG!

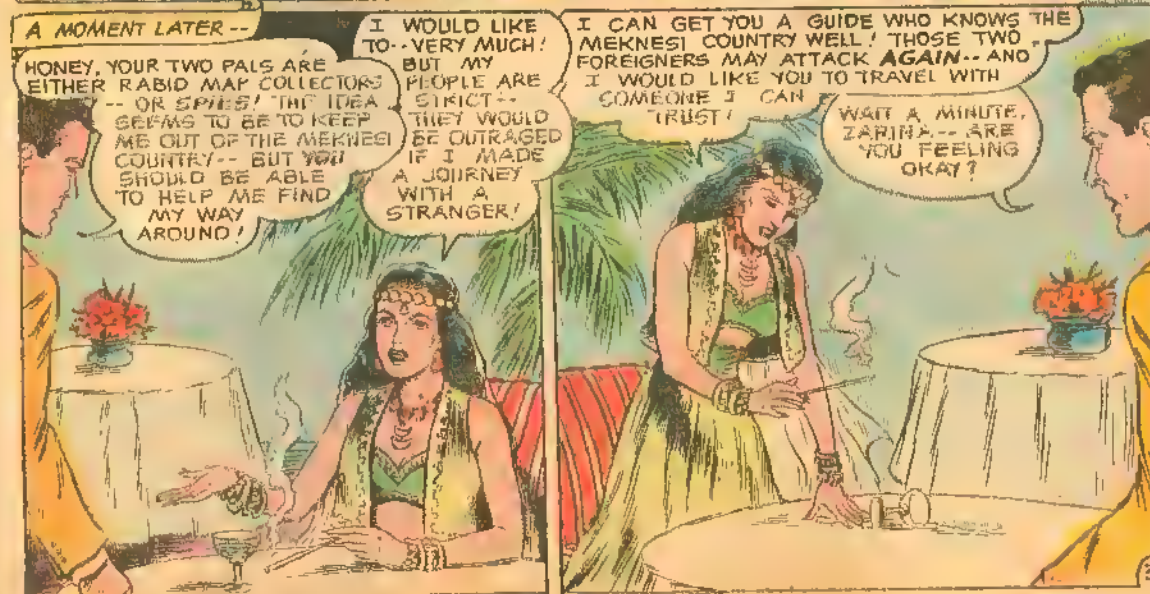
GOK!



THEN--

BLAZES! ANY OTHER MAP I CAN PICK UP WON'T BE DETAILED ENOUGH TO SHOW THE BACK ROADS I'VE GOT TO TRAVEL! I'LL BE OUT OF LUCK--UNLESS ZARINA PITCHES IN!

BANG!



A MOMENT LATER--
HONEY, YOUR TWO PALS ARE EITHER RABID MAP COLLECTORS--OR SPIES! THE IDEA SEEMS TO BE TO KEEP ME OUT OF THE MEKNESEI COUNTRY--BUT YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO HELP ME FIND MY WAY AROUND!

I WOULD LIKE TO--VERY MUCH! BUT MY PEOPLE ARE STRICT--THEY WOULD BE OUTRAGED IF I MADE A JOURNEY WITH A STRANGER!

I CAN GET YOU A GUIDE WHO KNOWS THE MEKNESEI COUNTRY WELL! THOSE TWO FOREIGNERS MAY ATTACK AGAIN--AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TRAVEL WITH SOMEONE I CAN TRUST!

WAIT A MINUTE, ZARINA--ARE YOU FEELING OKAY?

YOU'VE GOT A FEVER THAT'S WAY UP, KID! BETTER LET ME SEE YOU HOME!

NO-- IT'S NOTHING! REMEMBER THIS IS MOROCCO-- YOU WOULD FIND IT DANGEROUS TO BE SEEN WITH A NATIVE WOMAN!

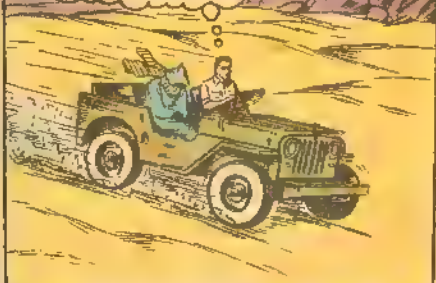
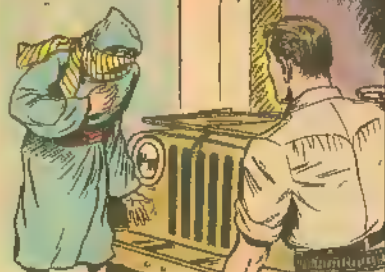
NEXT MORNING--

IT IS AS ZARINA TOLD YOU! I KNOW EVERY CAMEL TRAIL FOLLOWED BY THE MEKNESE-- I CAN BE USEFUL!

OKAY, CHUM-- YOU'VE GOT A JOB!

FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES, WHILE HIS COMPANION DOZES, BARRY DRIVES TOWARD THE HEART OF MOROCCO-- HIS THOUGHTS AS UNCHANGING AS THE LANDSCAPE--

YEP-- I SURE WISH ZARINA WAS WITH ME! ALL I CAN DO NOW IS WONDER-- WONDER WHETHER I'LL EVER SEE HER AGAIN-- WONDER HOW SHE HAPPENED TO TURN UP AT THE HOTEL IN THE FIRST PLACE!



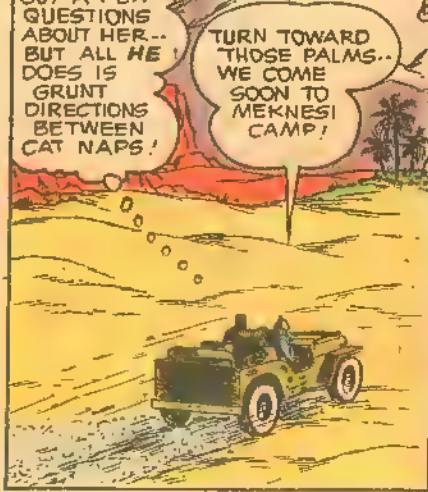
I'D LIKE TO ASK THIS GUY A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT HER-- BUT ALL HE DOES IS GRUNT DIRECTIONS BETWEEN CAT NAPS!

TURN TOWARD THOSE PALMS-- WE COME SOON TO MEKNESE CAMP!

MINUTES LATER--

THE DESERT HAS BUT ONE LAW-- AN UNBIDDEN STRANGER IS AN ENEMY!

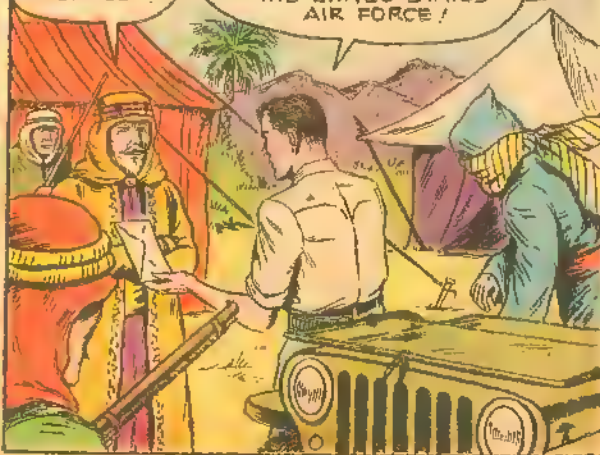
WAIT, ISMET! TWO TRAVELERS CANNOT BE DANGEROUS-- LET US WELCOME THEM!



I AM SHEIK HOSEIN! WHAT BRINGS YOU AMONG THE MEKNESE?

THIS LETTER FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNOR WILL EXPLAIN MY MISSION! I'M BARRY GORDON-- A CIVILIAN CONSULTANT FOR THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE!

IT IS WRITTEN FROM RABAT THAT AIRFIELDS WILL BE BUILT-- THAT YOU NEED WORKMEN! I MUST ASSEMBLE THE ELDERS OF THE TRIBE-- THEY WILL DECIDE!



OUR FATHER THE SHEIK IS OLD, ISMET -- IT MATTERS LITTLE TO HIM IF STRANGERS INVADE OUR TRIBAL LANDS! BUT SUPPOSE THESE PLANES ARE TURNED AGAINST OUR PEOPLE?

IF THE AMERICAN IS TO BE TRUSTED-- WHY MUST THE FACE OF HIS GUIDE BE HIDDEN? I AM A MEKNESI-- I TAKE NO MAN ON FAITH-- LET US LEARN WHO HE IS!

I SHOW NO FRIENDSHIP-- UNTIL YOU SHOW YOUR FACE!

THEN-- AS THE MEKNESI LEAP BACK--

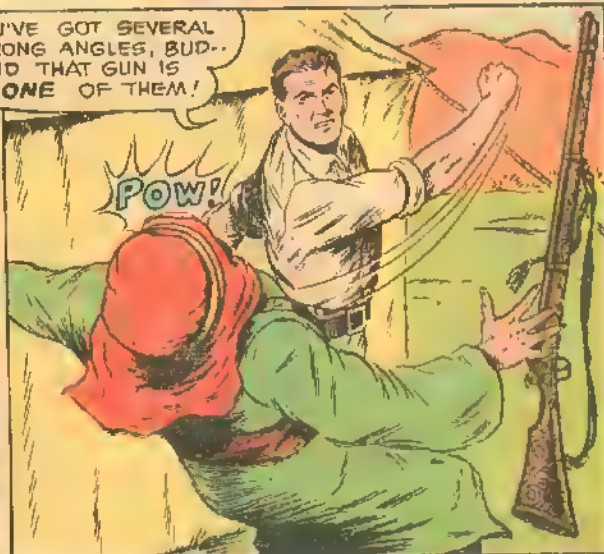
YE GODS-- SMALLPOX!



WE CLASPED HIS HAND-- TEN OF US-- AND BY THAT WE ARE DOOMED!

THERE IS HOW THE AMERICAN PLANS TO BUILD AIRFIELDS ON MEKNESI LAND-- BY KILLING US OFF!

YOU'VE GOT SEVERAL WRONG ANGLES, BUD-- AND THAT GUN IS ONE OF THEM!



WITH THE ENTIRE CAMP AROUSED--

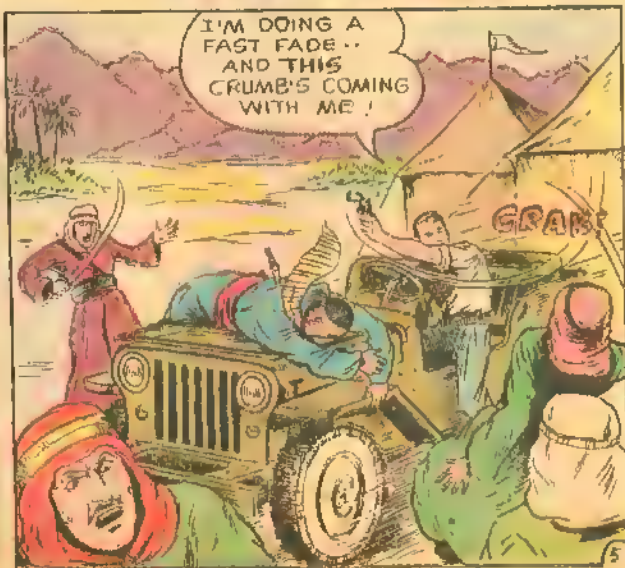
HACK THEM TO PIECES! LET THE JACKALS FIGHT OVER THEIR BONES!

DOG OF POLLUTION-- THIS WILL REPAY YOU!

ARGHHH!



I'M DOING A FAST FADE-- AND THIS CRUMB'S COMING WITH ME!

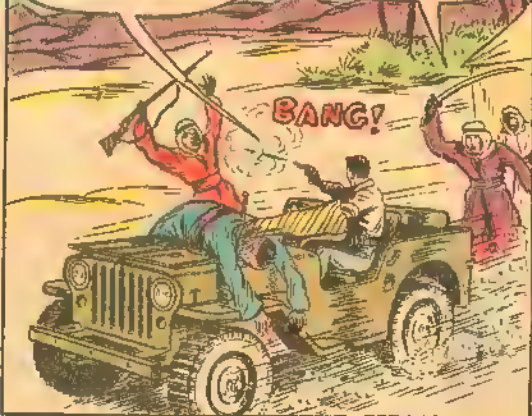


HATE TO USE GUNPLAY
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED--
BUT IT'S THE ONLY
WAY TO SLOW 'EM
DOWN!

MEKNESI--WE
MAY BE DOUBLY
CURSED IF THEY
ESCAPE!

AN AMERICAN!...
ONE OF THOSE WE
WERE TAUGHT
BROUGHT HOPE
AND SECURITY
TO THE WORLD!

WHAT HOPE IS THERE NOW
FOR THE MEKNESI? WE
WILL ALL BE STRICKEN
BEFORE WE CAN REACH THE
DOCTORS IN RABAT! YOUNG
AND OLD--WE WILL DIE!



SEVERAL MILES BEYOND--

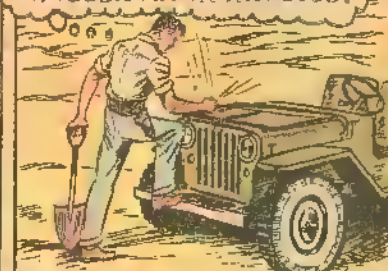
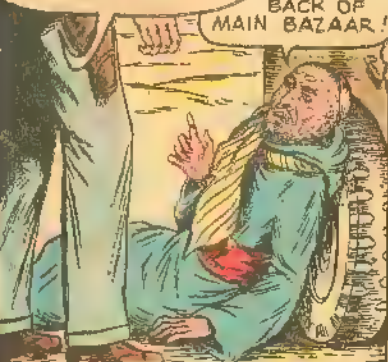
THEN-- AFTER DIGGING A LONELY
GRAVE IN THE DESERT SANDS--

I COULD HAVE LET THEM FINISH
OFF YOUR CARCASS, RAT-- BECAUSE
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE ANYWAY!
BUT I WANTED TO GIVE YOU A
CHANCE TO GET ONE
THING OFF YOUR
CRUMMY CONSCIENCE--
WHERE OO I
FINO ZARINA?

STONE
HOUSE-- RUE
LYAUTEY--
BACK OF
MAIN BAZAAR!

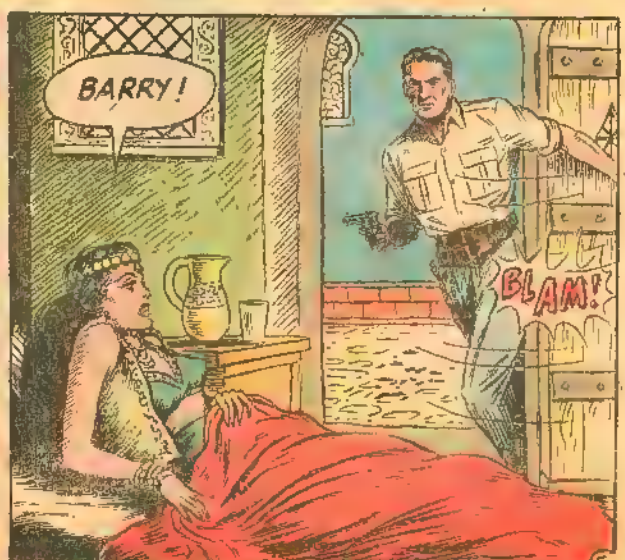
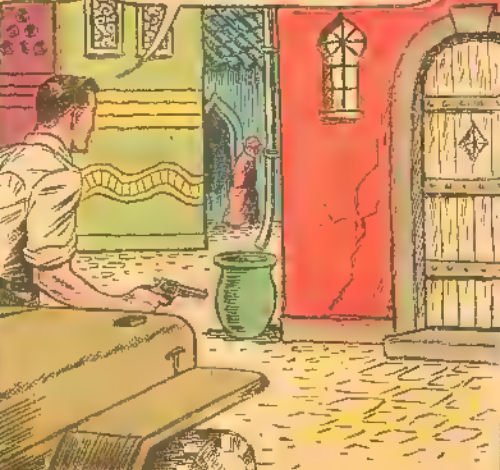
WHAT A PRIZE CHUMP I'VE BEEN!
THOSE SPIES STOLE MY MAP FOR
ONE REASON-- SO THAT ZARINA
COULD TALK ME INTO HIRING THIS
CHARACTER-- A SMALLPOX
PATIENT THEY RELEASED FROM
A PRISON HOSPITAL! LEAVE IT
TO THE COMMUNISTS TO FIND A
SUREFIRE WAY TO CRIMP THAT
BOMBER BASE PROJECT -- BY
STIRRING UP HATRED FOR
AMERICANS AMONG EVERY
TRIBESMAN IN MOROCCO!

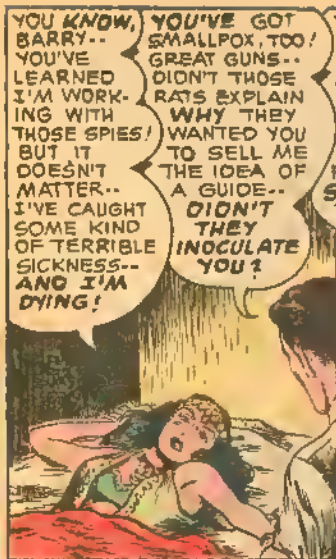
IT'LL MEAN
RISKING MY
NECK-- BUT
I'VE GOT TO
HELP THE
MEKNESI--
AND THE
FIRST STEP
WILL BE TO
LOOK UP
ZARINA!



EARLY
NEXT
DAY--

THIS IS THE PLACE! SHE'LL
BE IN THERE-- AND I'M
WONDERING-- WHO ELSE?



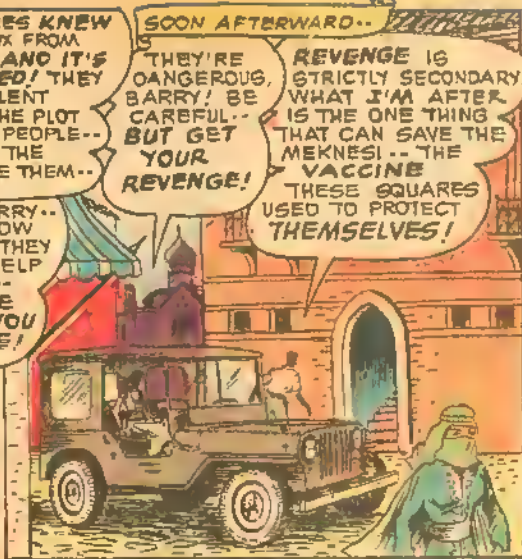


YOU KNOW, BARRY-- YOU'VE LEARNED I'M WORKING WITH THOSE SPIES! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER-- I'VE CAUGHT SOME KIND OF TERRIBLE SICKNESS-- AND I'M DYING!

YOU'VE GOT SMALLPOX, TOO! GREAT GUNS-- DIDN'T THOSE RATS EXPLAIN WHY THEY WANTED YOU TO SELL ME THE IDEA OF A GUIDE-- DIDN'T THEY INOCULATE YOU?

THOSE HEARTLESS VULTURES KNEW YOU'D CONTRACT SMALLPOX FROM THAT SO-CALLED GUIDE-- AND IT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANTED! THEY WERE AFRAID YOU'D RELENT WHEN YOU LEARNED OF THE PLOT TO WIPE OUT YOUR OWN PEOPLE-- THEY WERE HAUNTED BY THE POSSIBILITY YOU'D EXPOSE THEM-- SO THEY DECIDED TO KILL YOU!

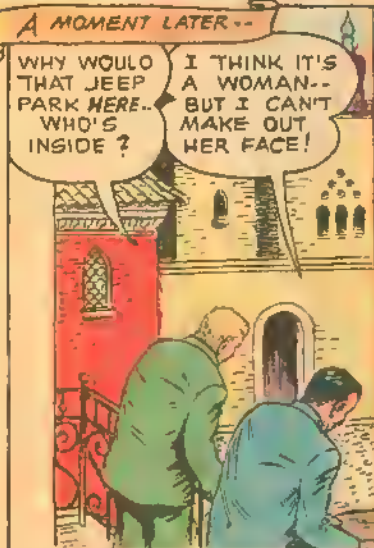
BARRY-- I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE! HELP ME UP-- LET ME TAKE YOU THERE!



SOON AFTERWARD--

THEY'RE DANGEROUS, BARRY! BE CAREFUL-- BUT GET YOUR REVENGE!

REVENGE IS STRICTLY SECONDARY! WHAT I'M AFTER IS THE ONE THING THAT CAN SAVE THE MEKNESI-- THE VACCINE THESE SQUARES USED TO PROTECT THEMSELVES!



A MOMENT LATER--

WHY WOULD THAT JEEP PARK HERE-- WHO'S INSIDE?

I THINK IT'S A WOMAN-- BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT HER FACE!



THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE RECOGNIZING ME, RATS?

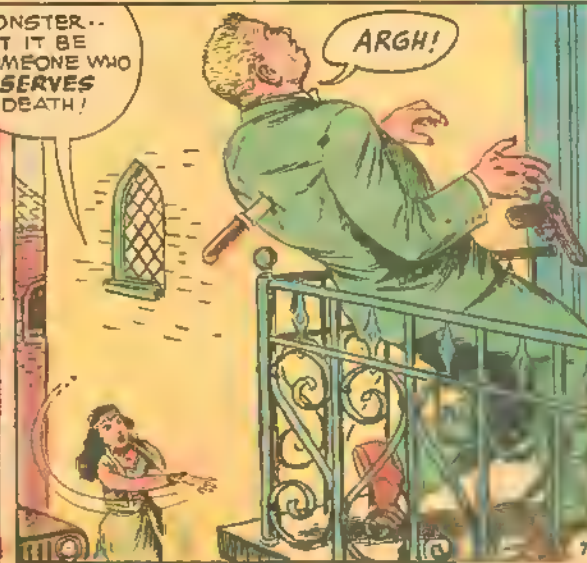
POW!



BARRY GORDON! HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING-- AND THAT'S AS GOOD AS A DEATH WARRANT!

POW!

BANG!



MONSTER-- LET IT BE SOMEONE WHO DESERVES DEATH!

ARGH!

I CAN PHONE EITHER THE POLICE OR A HOSPITAL, CRUMS-- YOU DECIDE! YOU'VE GOT SMALLPOX VACCINE-- WHERE IS IT?

TWENTY VIALS-- OVER THERE-- IN THE TABLE DRAWER!

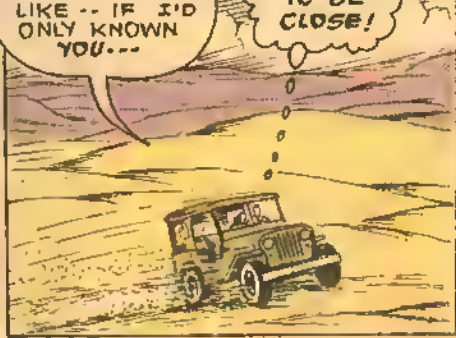
I'VE GOT IT, ZARINA-- AND YOU'RE GETTING THE FIRST SHOT!

IT WOULD BE WASTED, BARRY-- NOTHING CAN SAVE ME NOW! THE MEKNESI WILL NEED EVERY DROP-- AND I'M GOING TO HOLD ON-- I'M GOING TO TRY TO LIVE-- UNTIL WE REACH THEM!

HOURS PASS-- MARKED BY THE HISS OF WHEELS SPEEDING OVER THE FIERY SAND-- AND THE VOICE OF A GIRL FIGHTING TO STAVE OFF DEATH--

THEY TOLD ME IT WOULD BE PATRIOTIC TO HELP THEM, BARRY! IF I'D ONLY KNOWN SOONER, WHAT COMMUNISM IS LIKE-- IF I'D ONLY KNOWN YOU--

20 MILES TO GO-- SHE'S FIGHTING HARD-- BUT IT'S GOING TO BE CLOSE!



MINUTES LATER--

THE JEEP-- THE JEEP! THE AMERICAN IS COMING BACK!

MY EYES ARE DIM WITH FEVER, ISMET! TAKE IT-- AND AIM WELL!



ISMET-- DON'T SHOOT!

SCREEEECH!



BARRY-- SAVE THEM! WE'RE IN TIME, BABY! I GIVE YOU MY WORD-- THEY'LL LIVE!

NEXT DAY-- AT A BURIAL MOUND SOON TO BE COVERED BY DRIFTING SAND--

TO YOU SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN-- TO ME-- A TRUE MEKNESI! TELL ME AGAIN WHAT SHE DID, MY FRIEND-- BEFORE I BID HER FAREWELL!

SHE WAS DYING, HOSEIN-- BUT SHE WOULD NOT LET HER PEOPLE DIE! SHE KNEW WHERE TO GET THE VACCINE-- AT A HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN RABAT-- OCCUPIED BY TWO STRANGERS WHOSE NAMES I NEVER LEARNED!



The End

For STARTLING
SUPERNATURAL STORIES...

IT'S THE Terrific Trio!

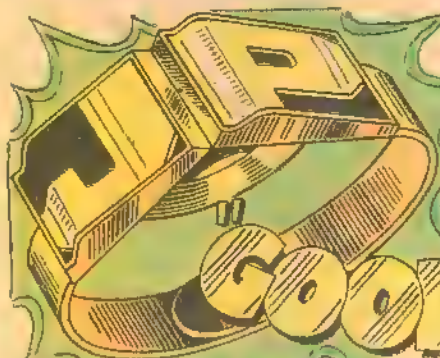
Not one, but THREE great
comics magazines...and all
filled from cover to cover with
spine-tingling, gasp-laden ex-
ploits into the realm beyond
life itself! For weird, gripping
adventures...for the thrilltime
of a lifetime...make sure to
read them all regularly!

ON
ALL STANDS **10¢**

ADVENTURES INTO THE
UNKNOWN!

**FORBIDDEN
WORLDS**
EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

**OUT OF
NIGHT**



BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

Get this

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"GOOD LUCK" RING**

With YOUR OWN INITIALS!

BIG!
AMAZING VALUE!
NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

MASSIVE!
EVERY RING MADE TO ORDER!!

**FITS ANY
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LIMITED SUPPLY!
HURRY!

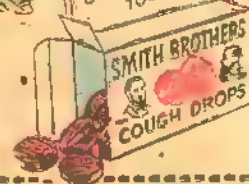
GLEAMING

EASY TO GET! LUCKY TO WEAR!

Yes, it's lucky to wear a ring with your own initials! And everyone will ask, "Where did you get it?"—when they see your beautiful big gold-plated ring with your own initials in massive letters! And what a value—only 25¢, plus front panel of any Smith Bros. box. Limited supply—hurry!



AND THE BEST
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WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY
SMITH BROTHERS BOX
Send to SMITH BROTHERS,
Box 424, Providence, R. I.

3 Blind RATS

"I TELL YOU, I don't like it, Rhogom. How can we be sure that blind man isn't an American counter-espionage agent? Why did he pick a spot right across the street from this house to stand and sell his stupid pencils?"

"Don't be a fool, Ivor. Don't you think I thought of that possibility and checked on him? The day after he took up his post there across the street, I went over to buy a few pencils...and carefully examined his eyes. Believe me, they're absolutely sightless. He doesn't wear dark glasses, and his eyes are always open, revealing nothing but white, opaque films over his eyeballs. If I've ever seen a blind man, he's one...and although the Americans may hire dumb intelligence operatives, they would never hire a blind one!"

"Just the same, I'd feel safer if he weren't there," Ivor said, staring suspiciously through the curtained windows at the old blind man standing across the street. "And with Harnosh coming here tonight to give us the secret plans for our new spy network, we shouldn't take any chances. As soon as it gets dark, I'll take the car out and drive up to the blind fool, slit his throat, dump him in the car and drive out to..."

"Idiot!" Rhogom shouted. "Do you wish to spoil all our carefully-laid plans? If the

driver of a passing car saw you, we'd be finished! The old man is totally blind, I tell you...forget him! Start packing our bags...as soon as Harnosh comes with the plans and the list of all the agents we have to contact, we'll leave immediately!"

Grudgingly, Ivor left the window to obey his superior's orders.

Three hours later, shortly after dusk, the two spies opened the door of the house in response to three short knocks and two long ones...and Harnosh hurried in, a worried frown on his face. "I hesitated about coming in when I noticed an old blind beggar standing across the street. Did you check on him...are you sure he's not a secret service agent?"

Rhogom laughed. "Of course I checked on him, Harnosh...and I assure you he's utterly blind and harmless..."

"You're the blind ones, rats!" a voice called out grimly from the doorway.

The three spies whirled, and gasped in unison as they saw the old "blind" beggar standing in the doorway, aiming a revolver at them. "You should have recognized those white skins over my eyeballs as being the white skins of eggs...and they were opaque to you, but translucent to me! And now...let's have those spy plans...you won't have any use for them where you're going!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

Nel C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

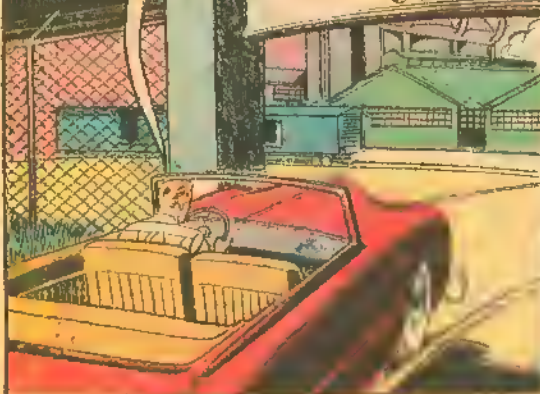
ONE Against DEATH



STEVE PODNEY DIDN'T WANT A FIGHT WITH ANYBODY... BUT THAT WAS BEFORE A STRANGE FLUKE GOT HIM NECK DEEP IN A COMMUNIST PLOT! THEN HE WAS UP AGAINST A SAVAGE FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL... THE KIND OF HARD-HITTING COUNTER-ATTACK AN AMERICAN CAN WAGE WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF MARKED FOR DEATH!

HOPE I HAVEN'T REACHED THE EMPIRE STEEL PLANT TOO LATE ... I WAS COUNTING ON SEEING THE FOREMAN TODAY!

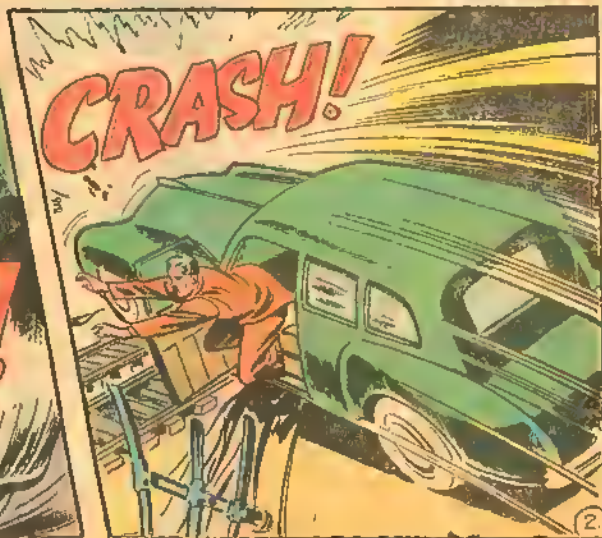
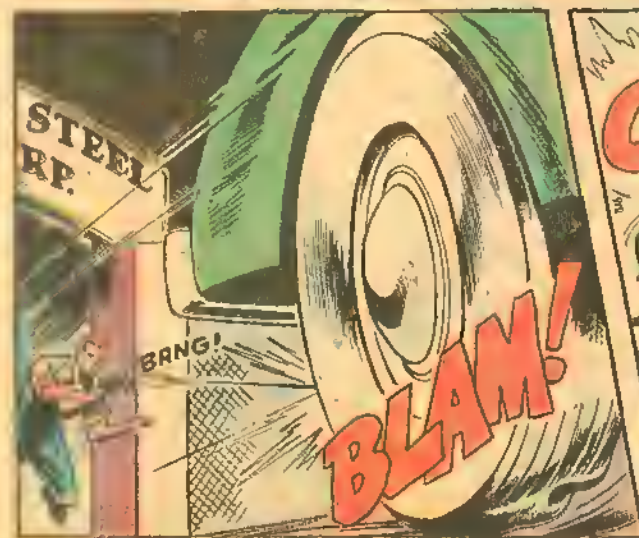
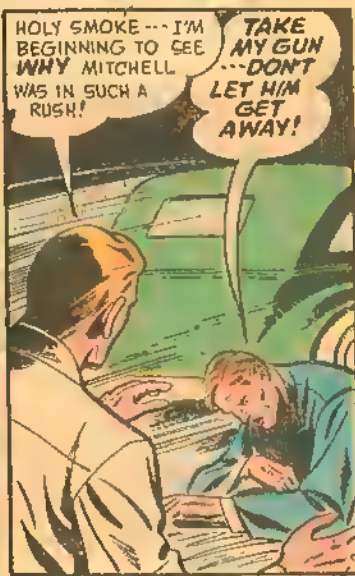
EMPIRE STEEL CORP.

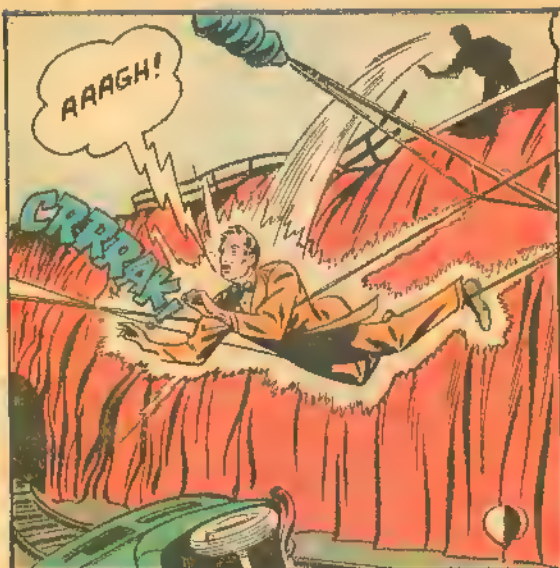


LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE'S QUITTING... BUT IF I CAN TELL MITCHELL WHAT I NEED NOW ... I CAN BE BACK ON THE JOB BY MORNING!

PRODUCTION OFFICE
CARL MITCHELL,
FOREMAN







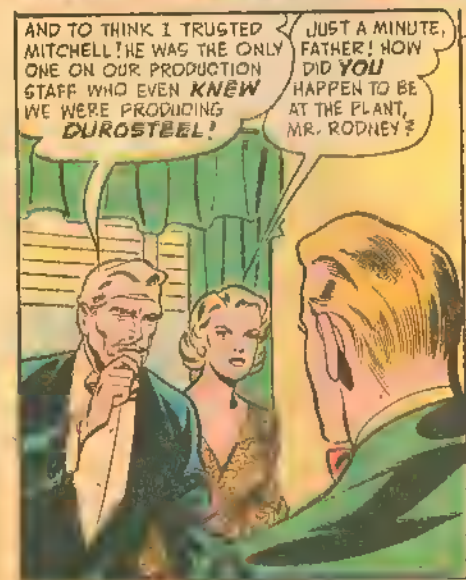
THAT HIGH TENSION WIRE FINISHED MITCHELL...BUT WHAT GOES ON HERE? I SAW WHAT HE PUT IN THIS BAG...**AN ORDINARY STEEL INGOT!**

JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE, YOU'D BETTER TURN IT OVER TO THE COMPANY PRESIDENT...J.V. CHASE...OUT IN WESTPORT! IF HE WANTS TO GIVE YOU ANY DOPE...THAT'LL BE O.K. WITH ME!



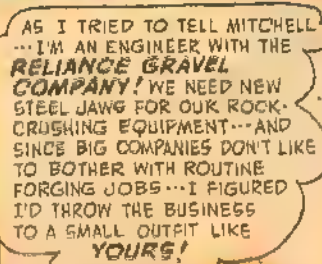
I'M STEVE RODNEY! THE FOREMAN AT EMPIRE STEEL TRIED TO SCRAM WITH **THIS**...AND I THOUGHT MR. CHASE BETTER KNOW ABOUT IT!

GOOD HEAVENS! COME IN...I'LL GET FATHER IMMEDIATELY!

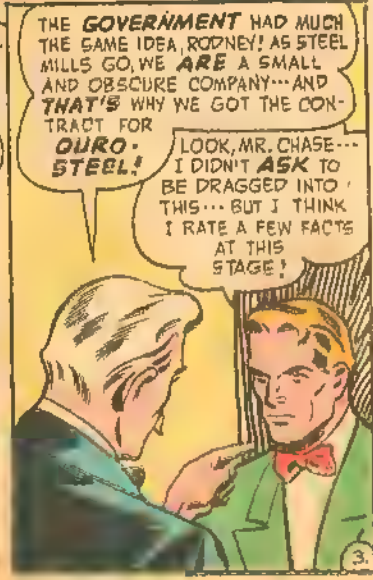


AND TO THINK I TRUSTED MITCHELL! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE ON OUR PRODUCTION STAFF WHO EVEN **KNEW** WE WERE PRODUCING **DUROSTEEL!**

JUST A MINUTE, FATHER! HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE AT THE PLANT, MR. RODNEY?

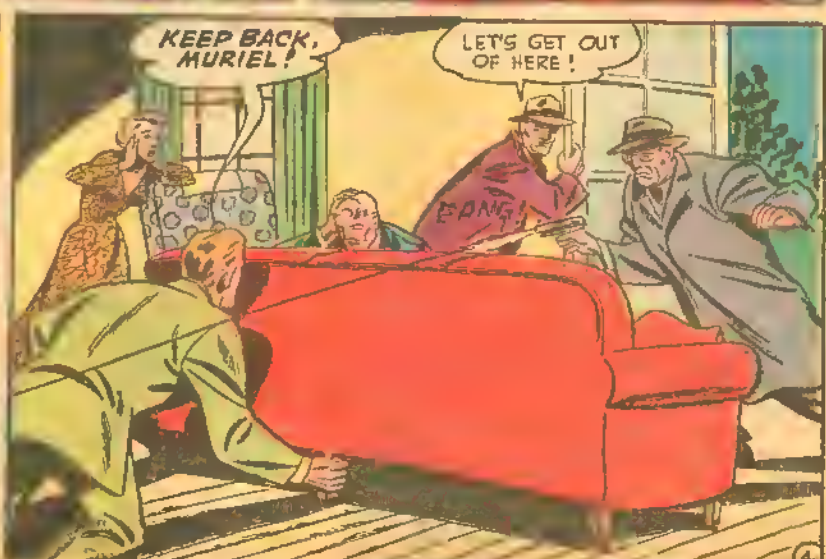
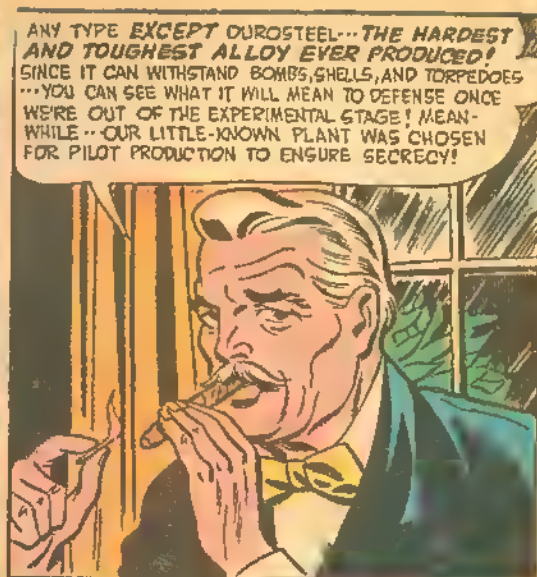
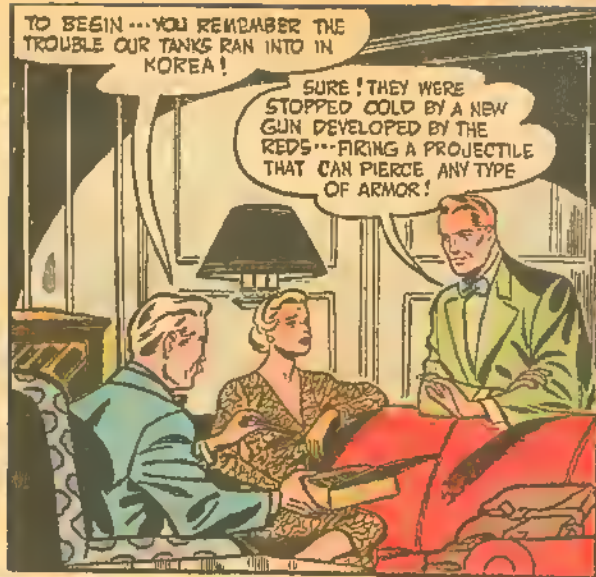


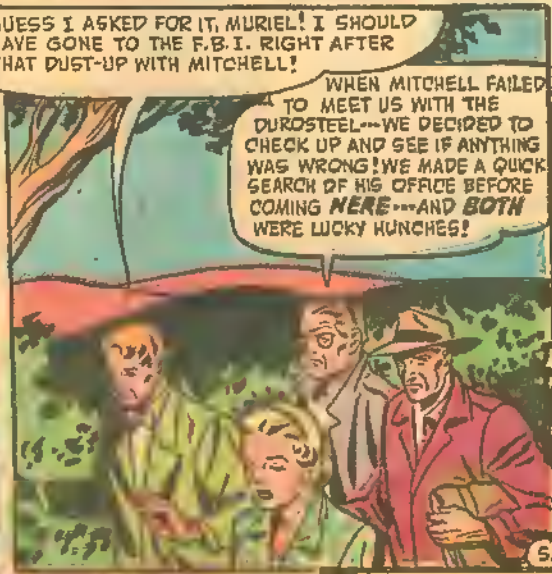
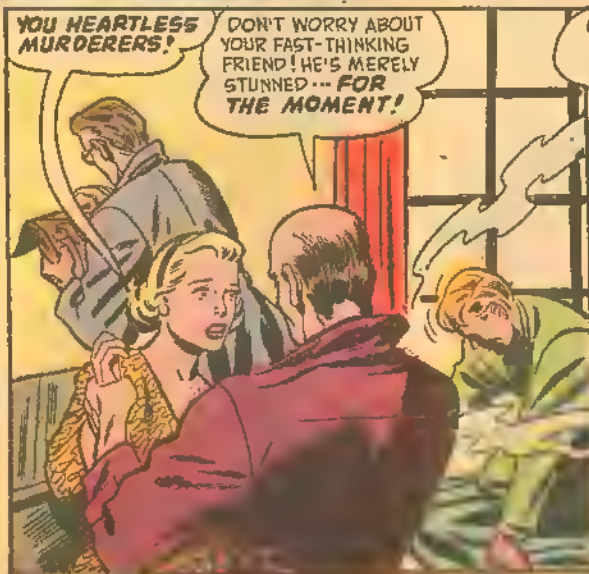
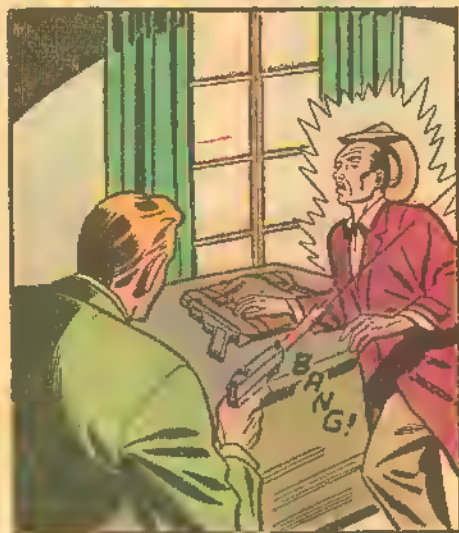
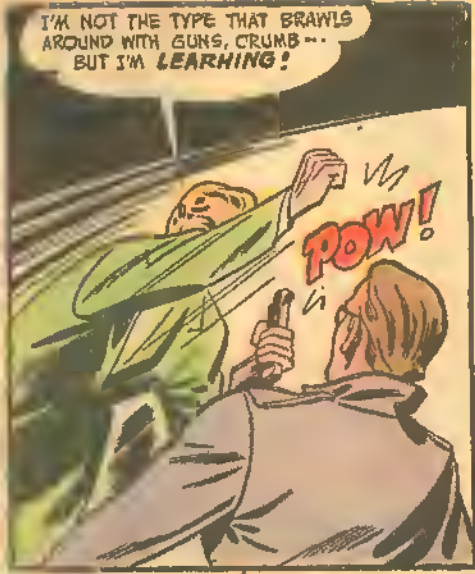
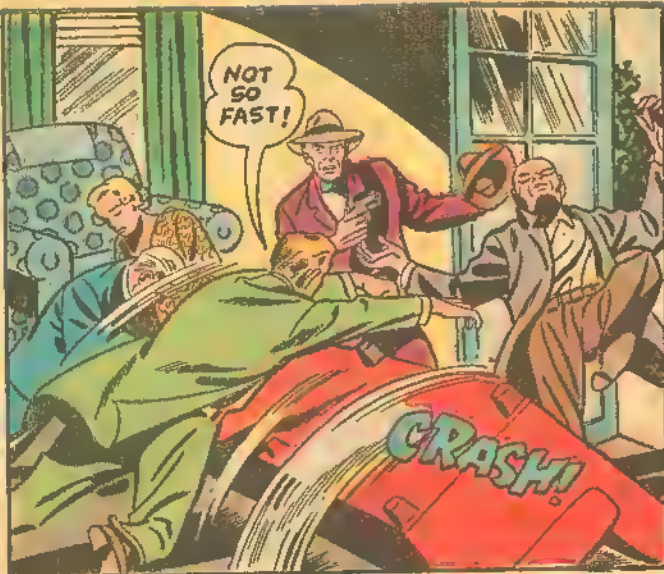
AS I TRIED TO TELL MITCHELL...I'M AN ENGINEER WITH THE **RELIANCE GRAVEL COMPANY!** WE NEED NEW STEEL JAW FOR OUR ROCK-CRUSHING EQUIPMENT...AND SINCE BIG COMPANIES DON'T LIKE TO BOTHER WITH ROUTINE FORGING JOBS...I FIGURED I'D THROW THE BUSINESS TO A SMALL OUTFIT LIKE **YOURS!**



THE **GOVERNMENT** HAD MUCH THE SAME IDEA, RODNEY! AS STEEL MILLS GO, WE **ARE** A SMALL AND OBSCURE COMPANY...AND **THAT'S** WHY WE GOT THE CONTRACT FOR **OURO-STEEL!**

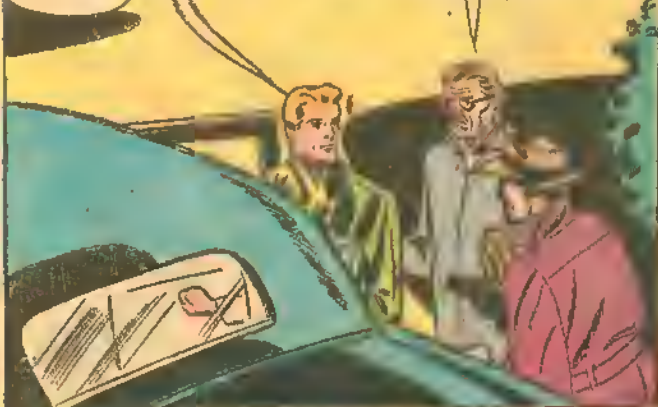
LOOK, MR. CHASE...I DIDN'T **ASK** TO BE DRAGGED INTO THIS...BUT I THINK I RATE A FEW FACTS AT THIS STAGE!





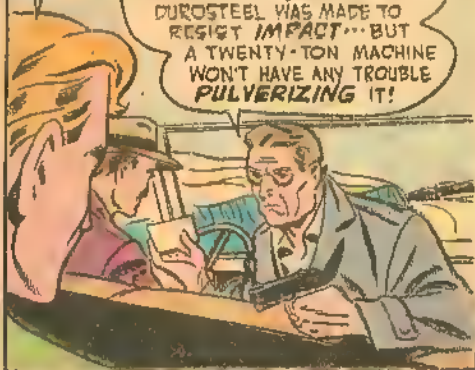
O.K....YOU'VE GOT THE DUROSTEEL! BUT DO YOU REALIZE HOW TOUGH IT'S GOING TO BE TO HIDE A FIFTY-POUND INGOT...ONCE EVERY COP AND FEDERAL AGENT IN THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN ALERTED?

AND WHAT ABOUT A FEW OUNCES OF POWDERED DUROSTEEL...JUST ENOUGH FOR ANALYSIS BY SOVIET SCIENTISTS?



THAT'S QUITE AN ASSIGNMENT, BUSTER... WHEN'D YOU FIGURE OUT THE METHOD?

TONIGHT...WHEN WE SEARCHED MITCHELL'S DESK TO SEE IF HE'D LEFT ANY PAPERS! I'ENT THIS YOUR CARD, RODNEY...DOESN'T YOUR COMPANY OPERATE ROCK-CRUSHING EQUIPMENT? DUROSTEEL WAS MADE TO RESIST IMPACT...BUT A TWENTY-TON MACHINE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE PULVERIZING IT!



SOON AFTERWARD...



YOU'RE GOING TO DO JUST ONE THING, RODNEY...AND THAT'S SHOW US THE SWITCH TO OPERATE THE CRUSHER!

YEP...AND THEN WE GET THE BUSINESS! THERE'S NO WAY TO STALL THESE RATS...I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING WITHIN THE NEXT SIXTY SECONDS!

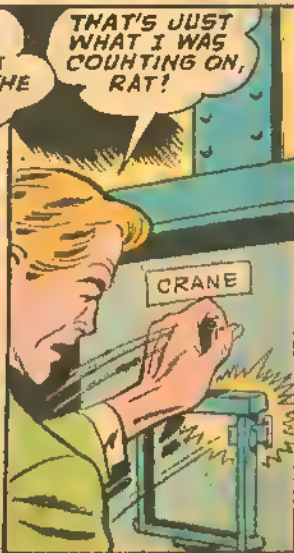


A MOMENT LATER...

COME HERE, BUD! THE CRUSHER NEEDS TWO SWITCHES CLOSED AT THE SAME TIME...AND I CAN'T REACH BOTH OF 'EM!

JUST IN CASE YOU'RE PLANNING SOMETHING SMART...WE'LL LET THE GIRL DO IT!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS COUNTING ON, RAT!

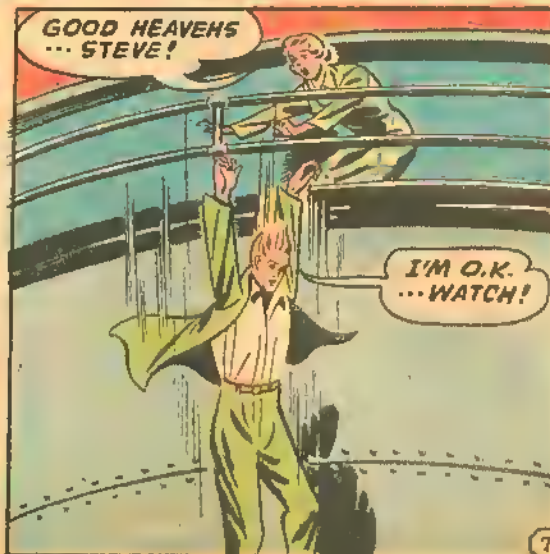
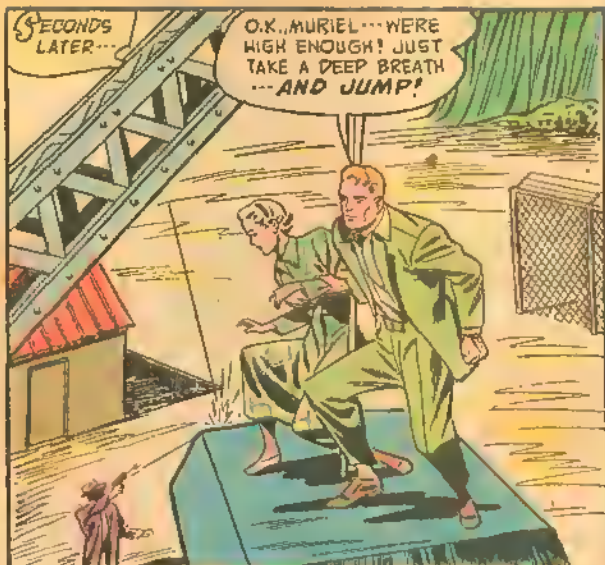


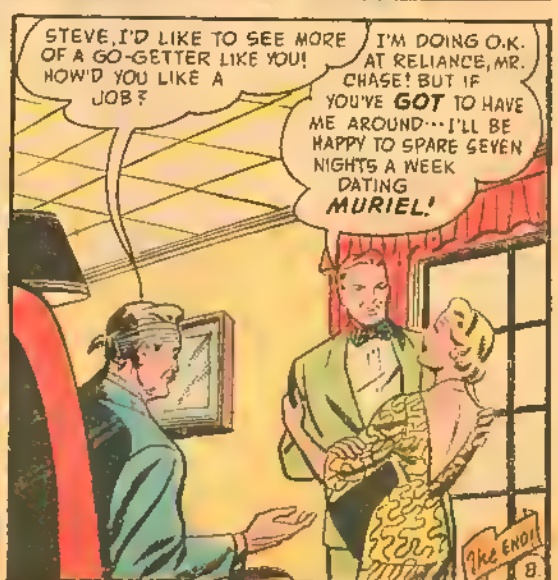
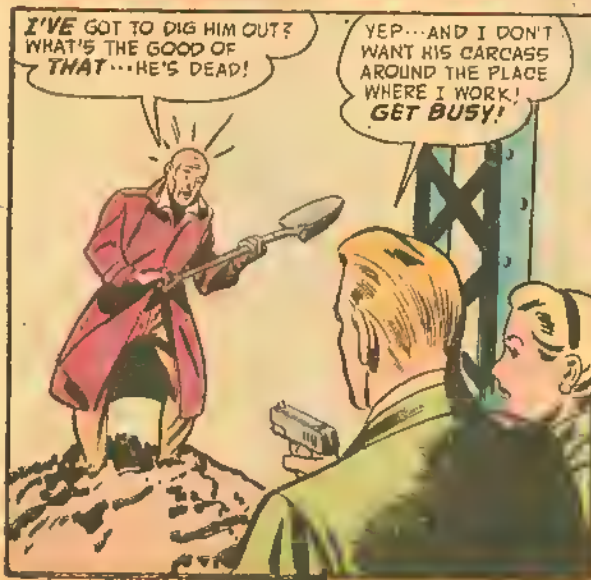
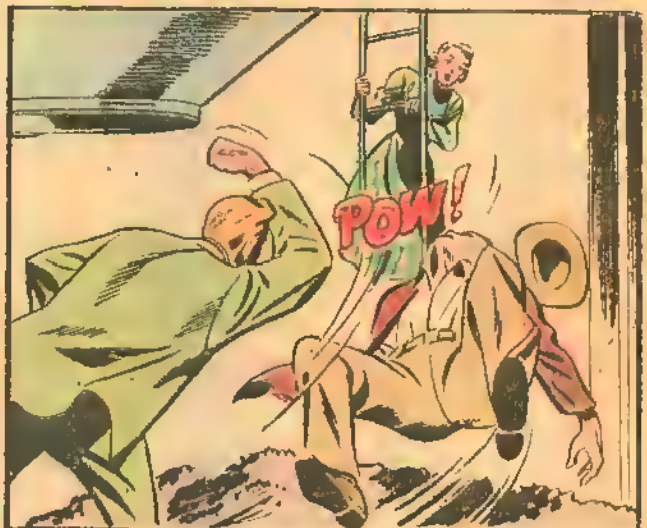
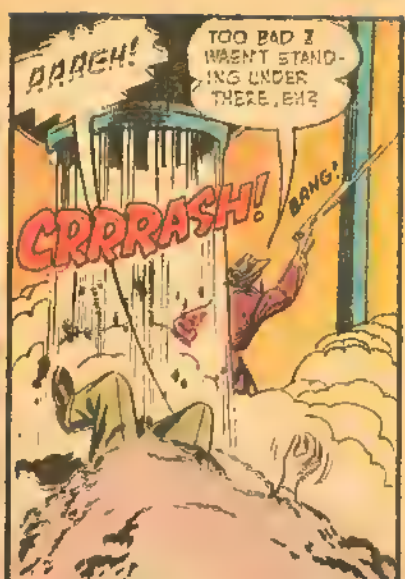
Then...AS THE CABLE RISES...

LET'S GO, SWEETHEART!

FOOL...YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF A PERFECT TARGET!





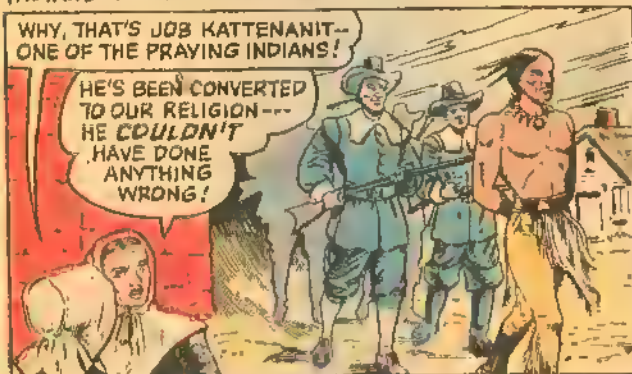


The PRAYING SPY

THE SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND IN 1675 WERE FILLED WITH HATRED AGAINST ALL INDIANS, BECAUSE OF MURDERS COMMITTED BY A FEW -- AND THE AROUSED MILITIAMEN WOULD EVEN ROUND UP INNOCENT, CONVERTED INDIANS IN THEIR THIRST FOR REVENGE!

WHY, THAT'S JOB KATTENANIT-- ONE OF THE PRAYING INDIANS!

HE'S BEEN CONVERTED TO OUR RELIGION--- HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE ANYTHING WRONG!



ONE OF THOSE WHO COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT JOB WAS A MURDERER WAS CAPTAIN JOHN GOODKIN, THE MAGISTRATE OF BOSTON...

THERE'S NO EVIDENCE OF YOUR HAVING COMMITTED A CRIME --- BUT FOR YOUR SAFETY, I'M GOING TO CONFINED YOU WITH THE REST OF THE PRAYING INDIANS ON DEER ISLAND, IN BOSTON HARBOR --- AT LEAST UNTIL THIS INDIAN TROUBLE DIES DOWN!

CAPTAIN IS FRIEND OF INDIANS --- JOB DO WHAT CAPTAIN SAYS!



BUT THERE WAS LITTLE CHANCE THE INDIAN TROUBLE WOULD DIE DOWN -- AS LONG AS KING PHILIP, THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN, WAS STILL ALIVE TO AROUSE HIS SAVAGES TO A FRENZY OF HATRED AGAINST THE WHITES!

THE INFIAMED INDIANS PREPARED AN AMBUSH AGAINST THE CHURCH-GOING SETTLERS ON SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1675 --- AND, CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, THE WHITES WERE MASSACRED!

KILL THE WHITE SETTLERS --- KILL --- KILL!



THIS WAS THE SIGNAL FOR THE OPENING OF KING PHILIP'S WAR --- A BATTLE THAT BROKE OUT ON A 300-MILE FRONT AND REACHED THE VERY OUTSKIRTS OF BOSTON ITSELF! IT WAS THEN THAT MAGISTRATE GOODKIN, NOW A MAJOR, DECIDED ON A BOLD STEP!

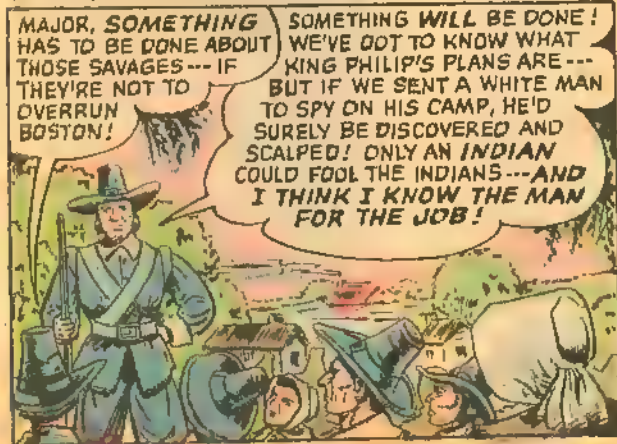
MAJOR GOODKIN VISITED THE INTERNED PRAYING INDIANS ON DEER ISLAND, EXPLAINED WHAT HE WANTED, AND CALLED FOR A VOLUNTEER!

MAJOR, SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE ABOUT THOSE SAVAGES --- IF THEY'RE NOT TO OVERRUN BOSTON!

SOMETHING WILL BE DONE! WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT KING PHILIP'S PLANS ARE --- BUT IF WE SENT A WHITE MAN TO SPY ON HIS CAMP, HE'D SURELY BE DISCOVERED AND SCALPED! ONLY AN INDIAN COULD FOOL THE INDIANS --- AND I THINK I KNOW THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

WHOEVER AGREES TO GO INTO THE CAMP OF KING PHILIP WILL SECURE THE RELEASE OF ALL THE PRAYING INDIANS, AND WILL GAIN THE UNDYING FRIENDSHIP OF THE WHITES!

I GO --- FOR PALEFACE FRIENDS!



JOB WAS SECRETLY SET FREE, AND HE DELIBERATELY MADE THE LONG JOURNEY FROM BOSTON TO KING PHILIP'S CAMP THROUGH ALL THE WOODS AND THICKETS HE COULD FIND --- SO THAT HE WOULD HAVE THE GENUINE APPEARANCE OF A FUGITIVE WHEN HE FINALLY GOT THERE!

FOOD... FOOD...!

QUICKLY -- BRING HIM MEAT! PERHAPS HE BRINGS NEWS FOR US!



BUT JOB INSISTED ON TELLING HIS STORY ONLY TO THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE -- AND WAS FINALLY BROUGHT BEFORE PHILIP HIMSELF!

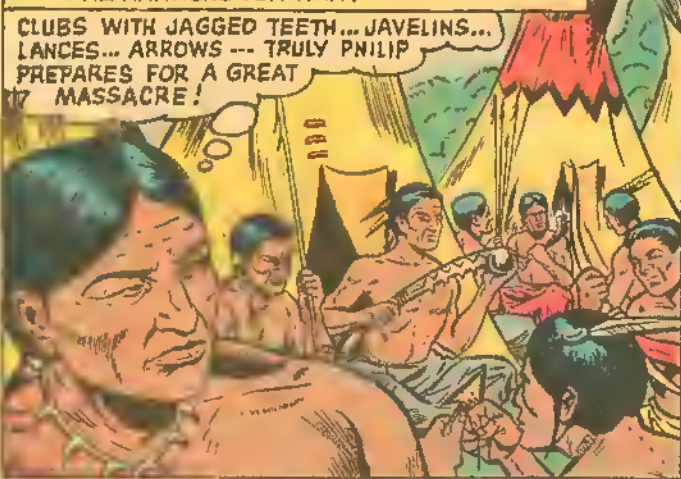
I HAVE ESCAPED FROM A PALEFACE PRISON -- AND I COME TO GREAT CHIEF PHILIP FOR PROTECTION! I HAVE KILLED MANY PALEFACES IN MY ESCAPE -- AND I WISH TO JOIN YOU AND KILL MORE!

WELL SPOKEN -- YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! YOU SHALL BE PROVIDED WITH WEAPONS -- AND SOON YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO KILL HUNDREDS OF PALEFACES!



JOB WAS GIVEN THE FREEDOM OF THE CAMP, AND WANDERED AROUND, OBSERVING ALL THE PREPARATIONS FOR WAR!

CLUBS WITH JAGGED TEETH... JAVELINS... LANCES... ARROWS -- TRULY PHILIP PREPARES FOR A GREAT MASSACRE!



AND FINALLY... HEAR ME, O MIGHTY

WARRIORS! AT THE RISE OF THE FULL MOON, WE SHALL FALL UPON THE PALEFACE TOWN OF LANCASTER -- DESTROYING THE WHITES AND SETTING THE TOWN TO THE TORCH!



I MUST STEAL AWAY... WARN THE PALEFACES!

EVEN OUR NEWEST WARRIOR, BLOODTHIRSTY JOB, WILL HAVE HIS FILL OF KILLINGS AND SCALPS! DID I NOT PROMISE YOU THAT, JOB? -- JOB! WHERE IS JOB?



LOOK... HE FLEES!

AFTER HIM... QUICKLY... HE IS EITHER A COWARD OR A SPY!



JUST WHEN THE FLEET-FOOTED JOB WAS BEGINNING TO THINK HE HAD OUTRUN HIS PURSUERS...

AN ARROW! HOW CLOSE CAN THEY BE BEHIND ME?



BUT AS JOB TURNED TO GLANCE AT HIS PURSUERS...

I AM HIT—BUT I FEEL NO PAIN! THE ARROW MUST HAVE STRUCK THE METAL CHARM THAT I WEAR!



JOB THOUGHT QUICKLY—AND REALIZED THAT TO KEEP ON RUNNING WOULD ONLY RESULT IN MORE ARROWS! STAGGERING LIKE A MORTALLY WOUNDED MAN, HE FELL FLAT ON HIS BACK!

LOOK—THE ARROW HAS SUNK IN HIS HEART—HE IS DEAD!

LET US BRING THE GOOD NEWS TO OUR CHIEF!



AS SOON AS THE SAVAGES HAD LEFT, JOB RESUMED HIS FLIGHT THROUGH THE WILDERNESS AT TOP SPEED, NEVER PAUSING UNTIL HE ALMOST COLLAPSED ON THE DOORSTEP OF MAJOR GOOKIN'S HOME!

JOB... YOU!

QUICKLY... WARN PALEFACES! PHILIP ATTACKS... LANCASTER... AT RISE OF FULL MOON!



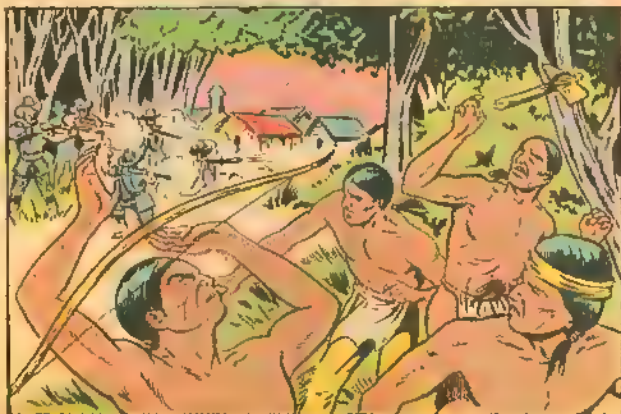
HIS MESSAGE GIVEN, JOB COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION—BUT MAJOR GOOKIN INSTANTLY SENT OUT FAST RIDERS TO ALL THE NEARBY TOWNS, SPREADING THE WORD OF THE IMPENDING ATTACK AND CALLING FOR ALL POSSIBLE AID FOR THE ENDANGERED TOWN OF LANCASTER!

THE INDIANS ARE ATTACKING... TO ARMS!



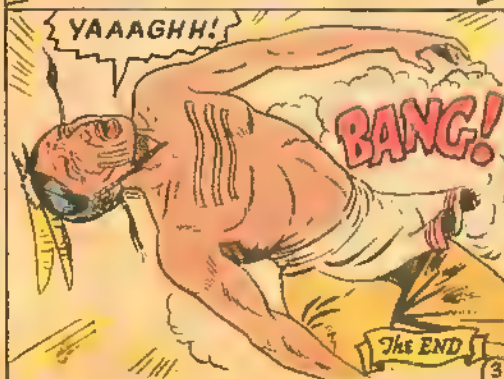
WITHIN A MATTER OF HOURS, TROOPS WERE MARCHING TOWARDS LANCASTER—AND WHEN KING PHILIP'S SAVAGES FINALLY ATTACKED, THEY WERE MET WITH A HAIL OF BULLETS THAT PUT THEM UTTERLY TO ROUT! THANKS TO JOB, THE PRAYING INDIAN SPY, LANCASTER WAS SAVED AND A WHOLESOME MASSACRE WAS AVERTED!

THE FIASCO AT LANCASTER WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR SAVAGE KING PHILIP! DRIVEN BY THE AROUSED WHITES FROM ONE HIDEOUT TO ANOTHER, HE WAS FINALLY KILLED AT MOUNT HOPE, RHODE ISLAND, ON AUGUST 12, 1676!



YAAAGHH!

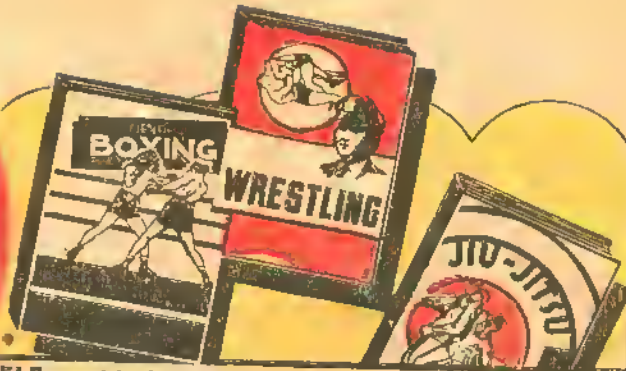
BANG!



THE END

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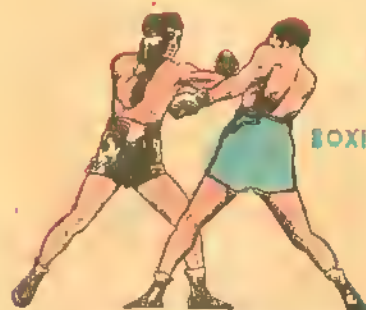
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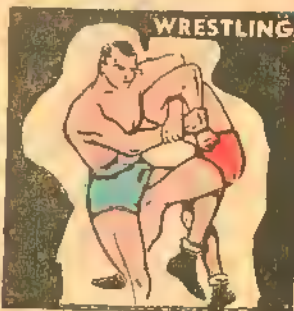
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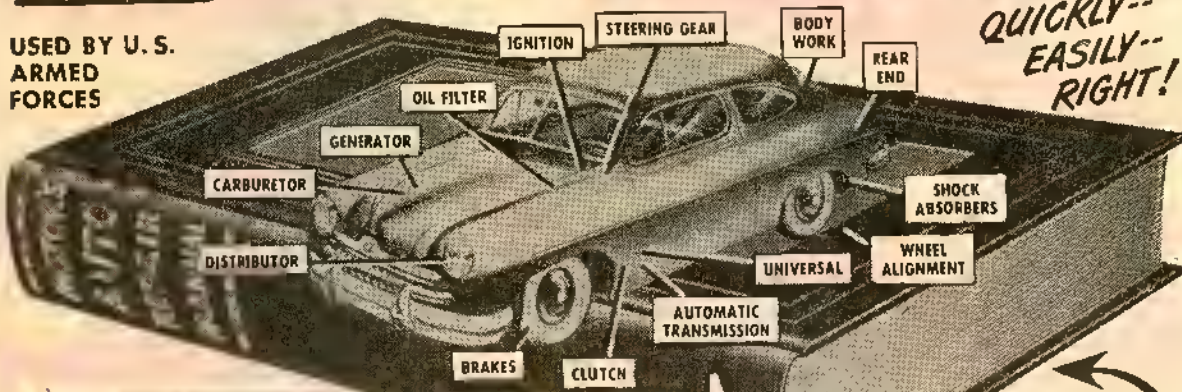
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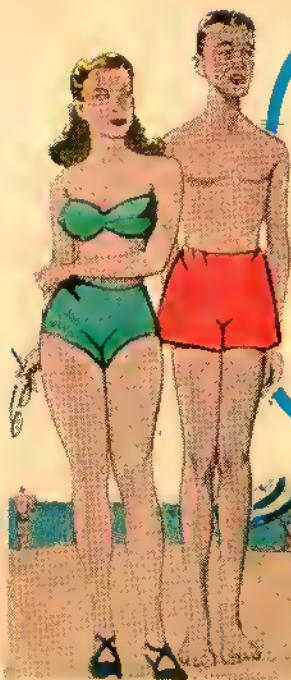
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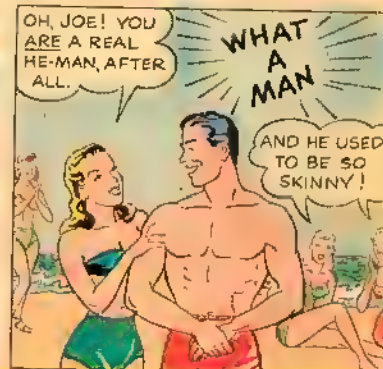
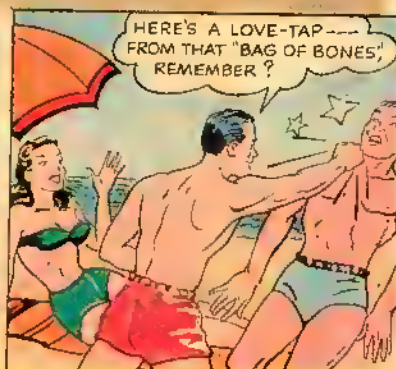
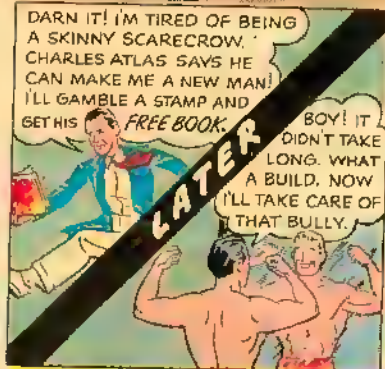
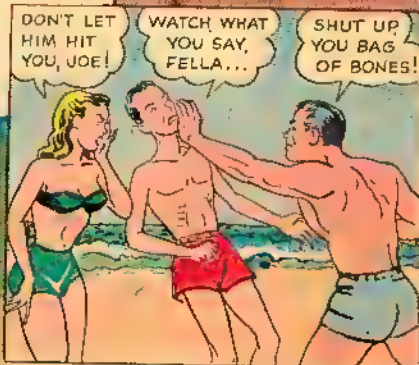
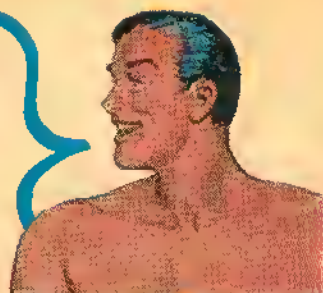
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